

DOLL MAN

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SUMMER ISSUE
No. 13

Quarterly

10¢

39-A

THE
DOLL MAN
BLOWS CRIME
SKY HIGH!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT
COMICS
NATIONAL
COMICS

POLICE
COMICS
EMERGENCY
COMICS

FEATURING
COMICS
CRACK
COMICS

The DOLL MAN



His name was Lazarus and, in ancient times, it was said that such a man was raised from the dead!

But Darrel Dane, as the **DOLL MAN**, mighty mite of crime-busting, never dreamed that he would see a re-enactment of the action in modern times when his trail crossed that of **The MAN WHO RETURNED FROM THE DEAD!**

It isn't often that we find Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, amid such luxurious surroundings

OH, DARREL, YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT ME TO SUCH AN EXPENSIVE PLACE!

WHY NOT?



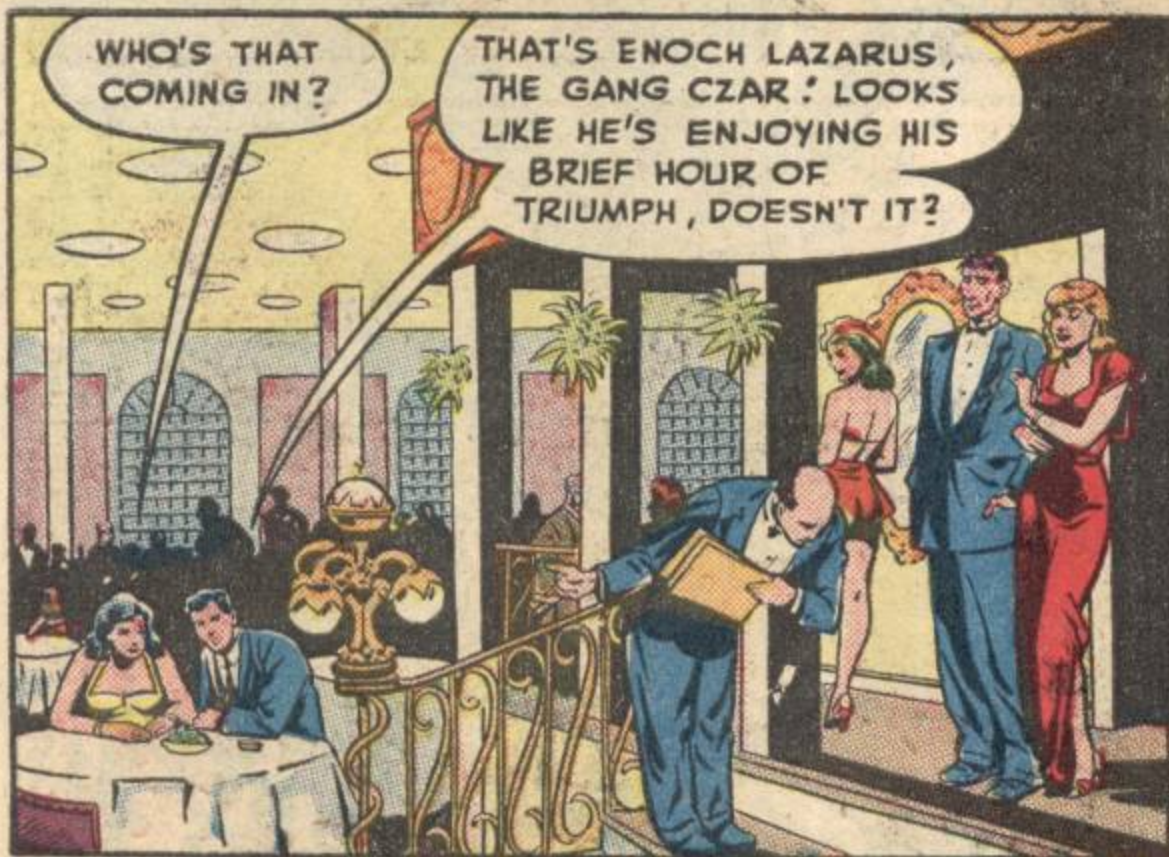
AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T OFTEN THAT YOU HAVE A BIRTHDAY! AND I WANT THIS TO BE ONE YOU'LL REMEMBER!

YOU'RE SWEET, DARREL!



WHO'S THAT COMING IN?

THAT'S ENOCH LAZARUS, THE GANG CZAR! LOOKS LIKE HE'S ENJOYING HIS BRIEF HOUR OF TRIUMPH, DOESN'T IT?



HE JUST RAN TRIGGER MAYO AND HIS GANG OUT OF TOWN! KILLED MOST OF THEM, AND THE REST ARE SUPPOSED TO BE IN HIDING!

HE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A KILLER!



IT'S HARD TO TELL FROM APPEARANCES! HE'S A KILLER, ALL RIGHT! ANY DAY NOW THEY'LL FIND TRIGGER MAYO'S BODY FLOATING IN A RIVER...

OR WILL THEY? HERE COMES TRIGGER MAYO NOW! THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, LAZARUS! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!

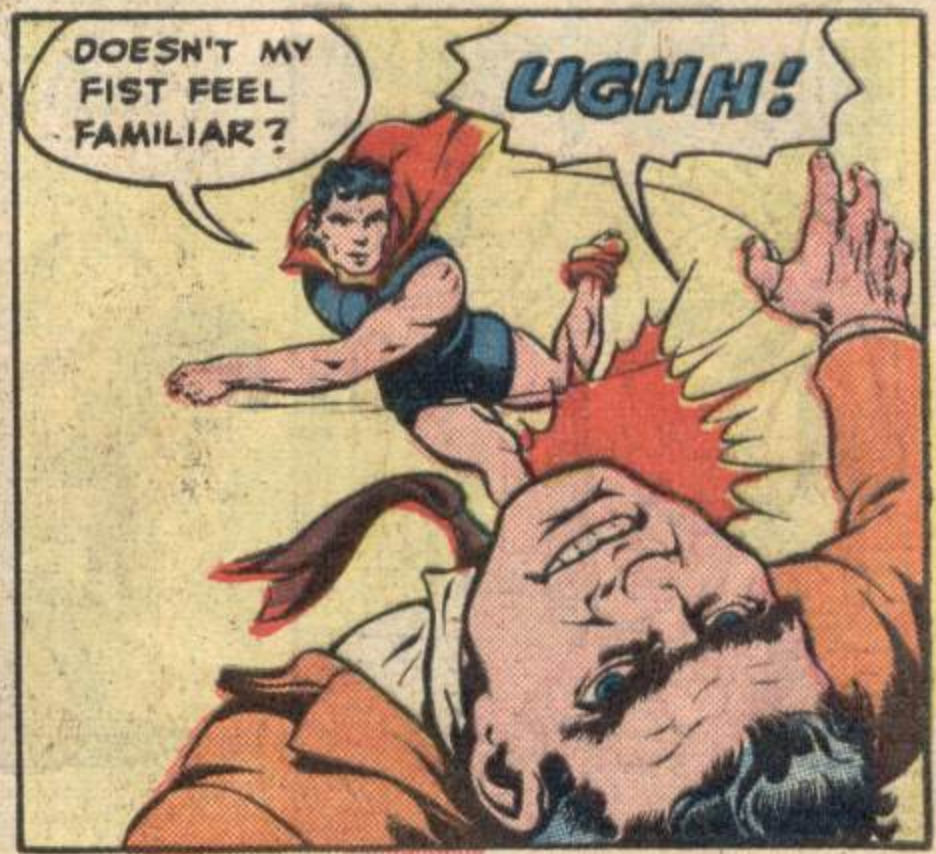


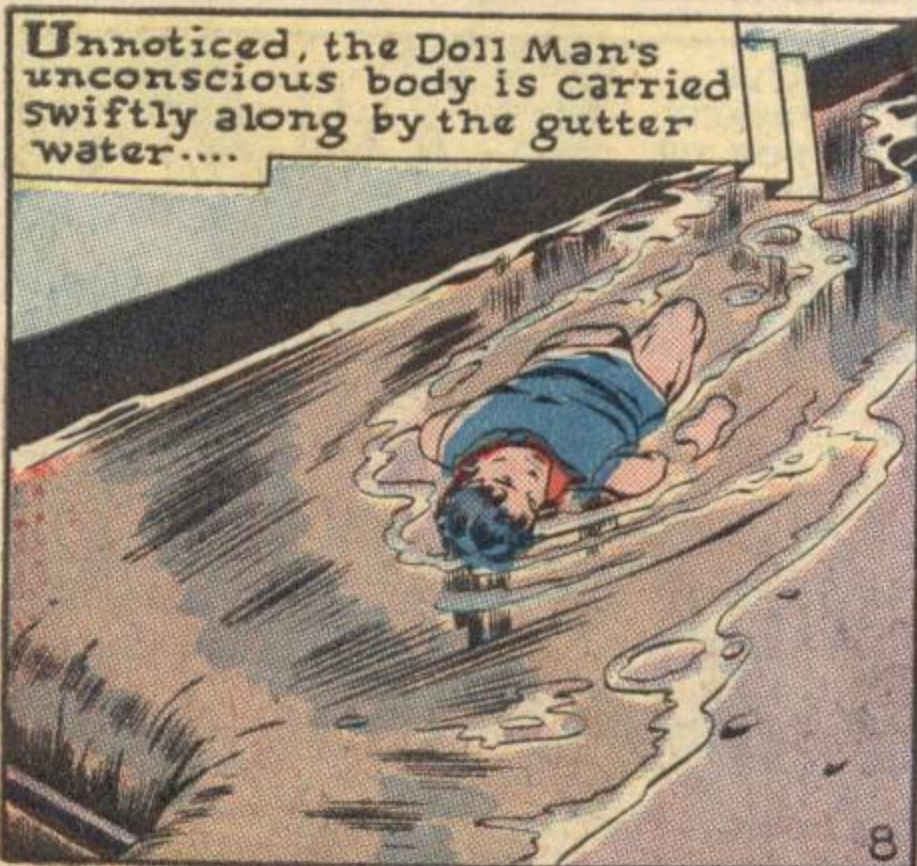




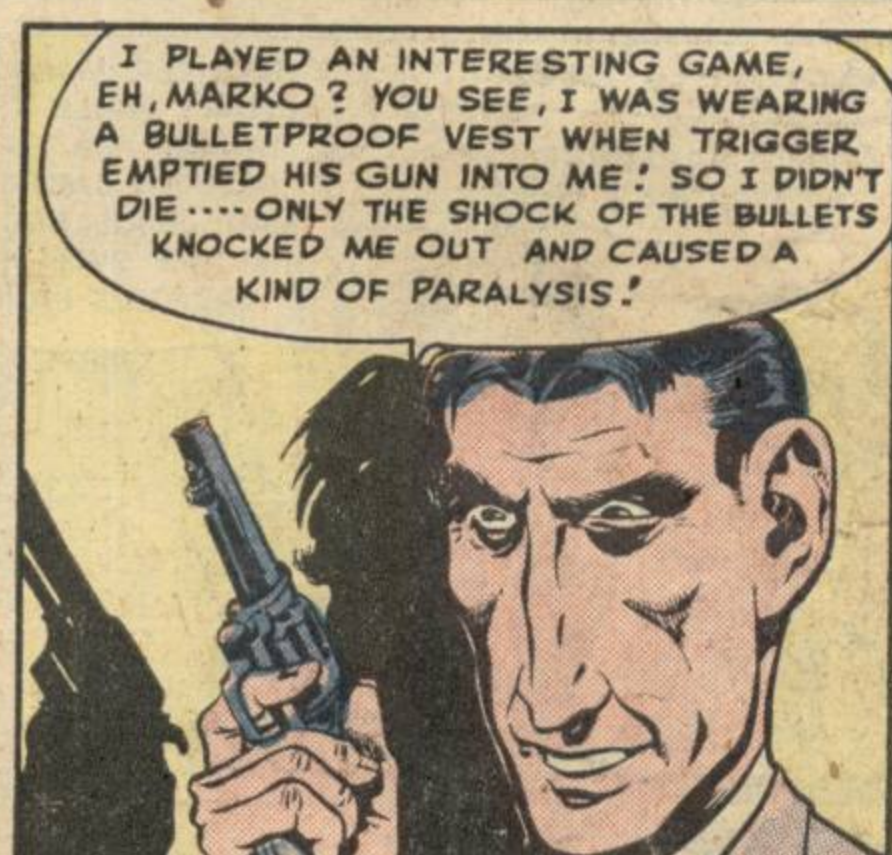




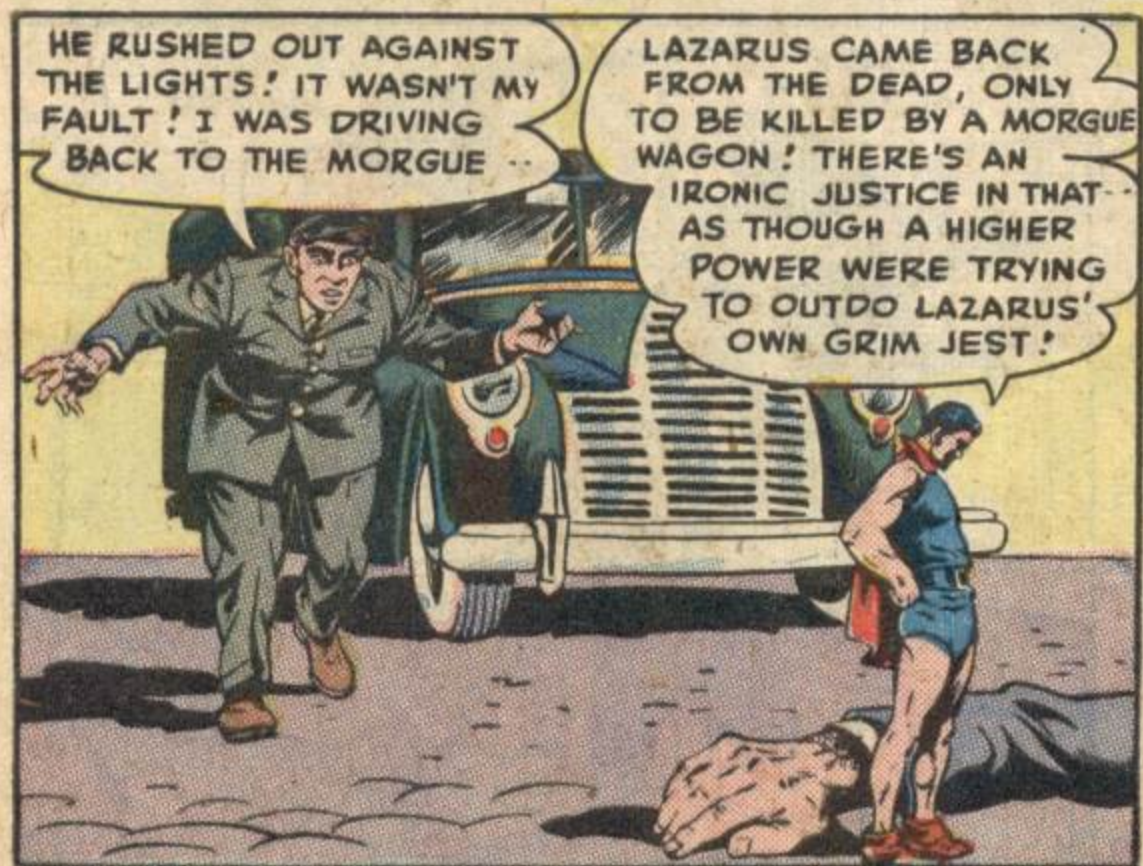
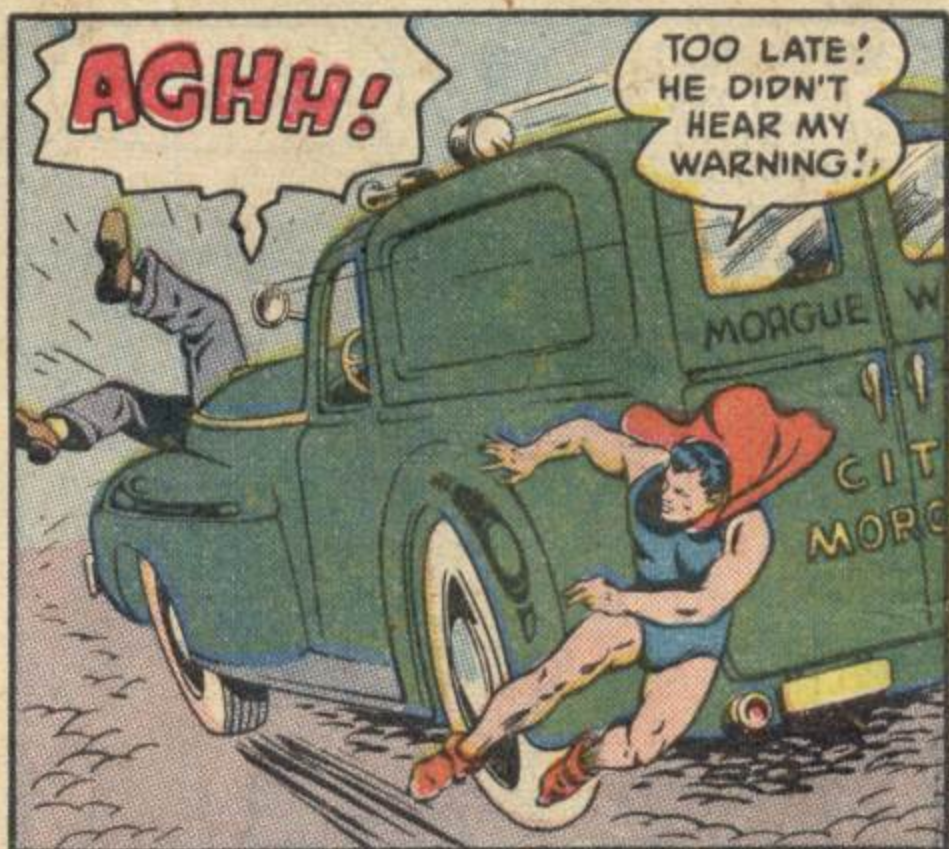
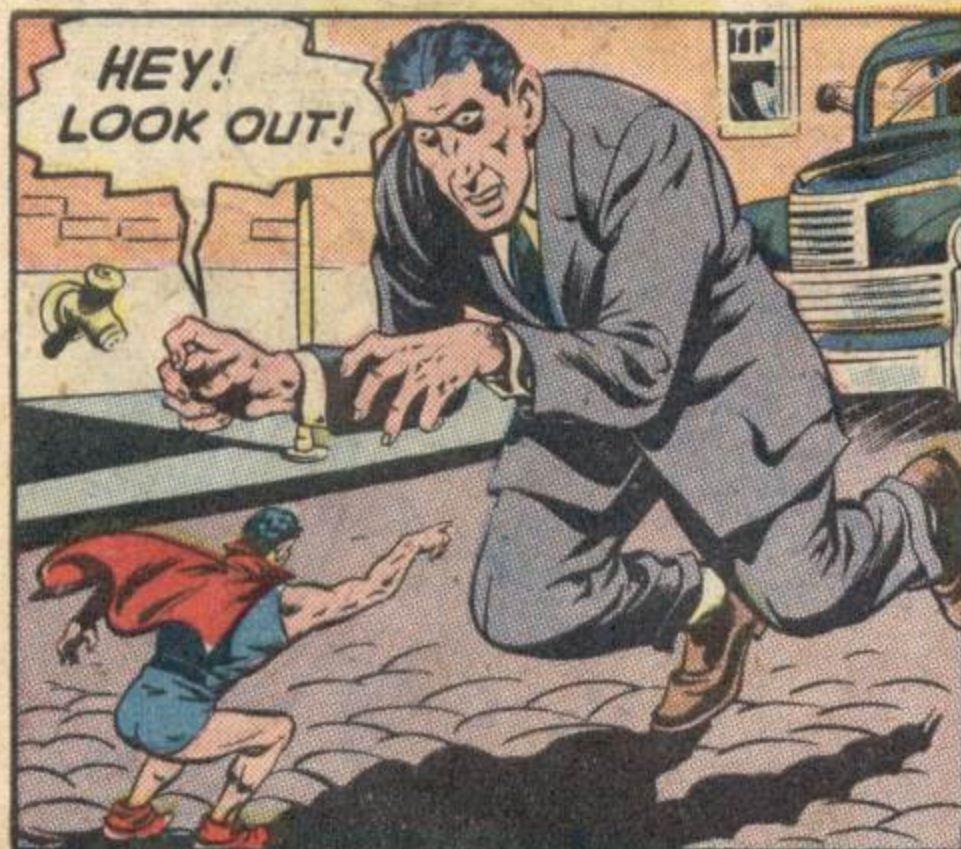










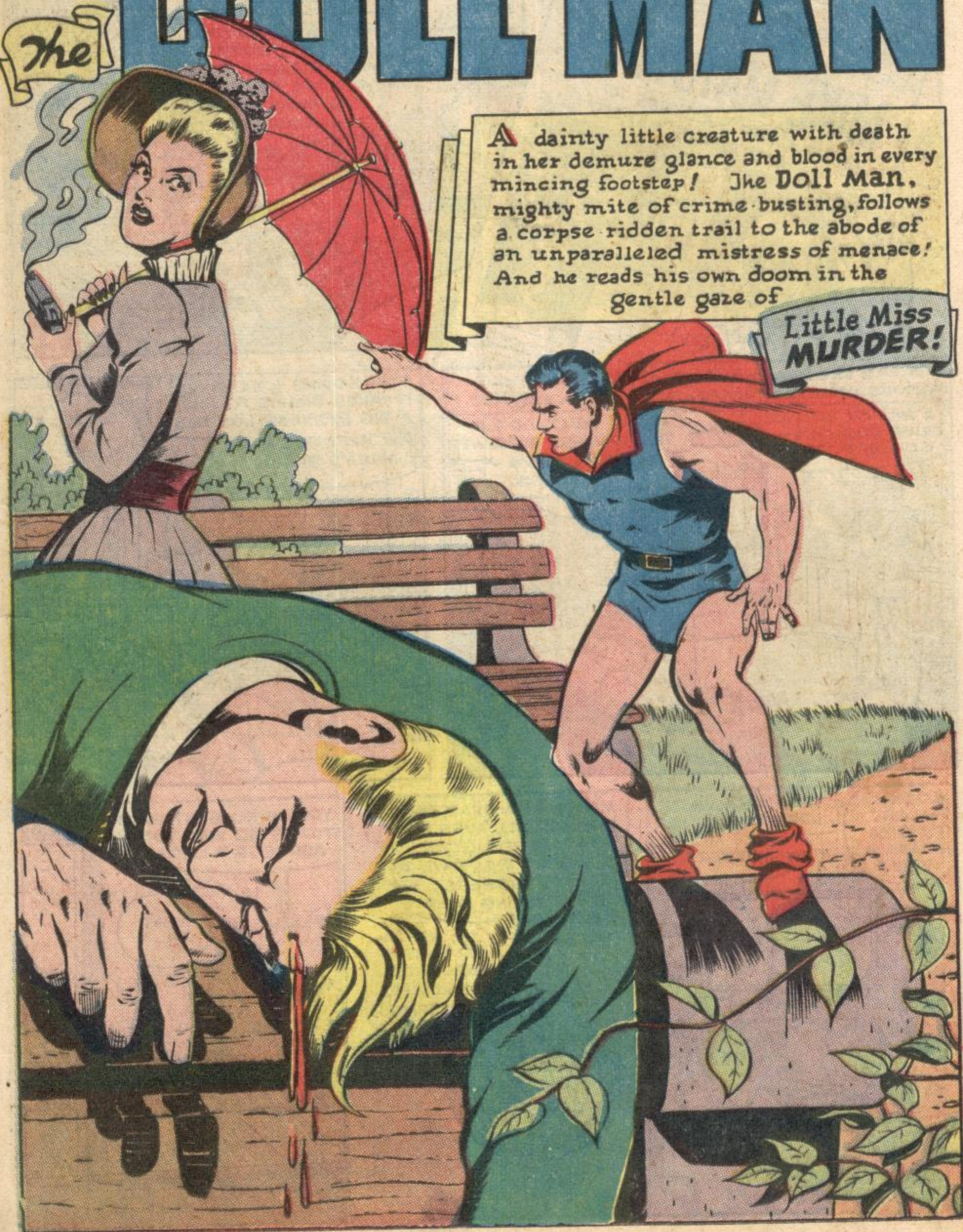


DOLL MAN

The

A dainty little creature with death in her demure glance and blood in every mincing footstep! The Doll Man, mighty mite of crime busting, follows a corpse ridden trail to the abode of an unparalleled mistress of menace! And he reads his own doom in the gentle gaze of

Little Miss
MURDER!

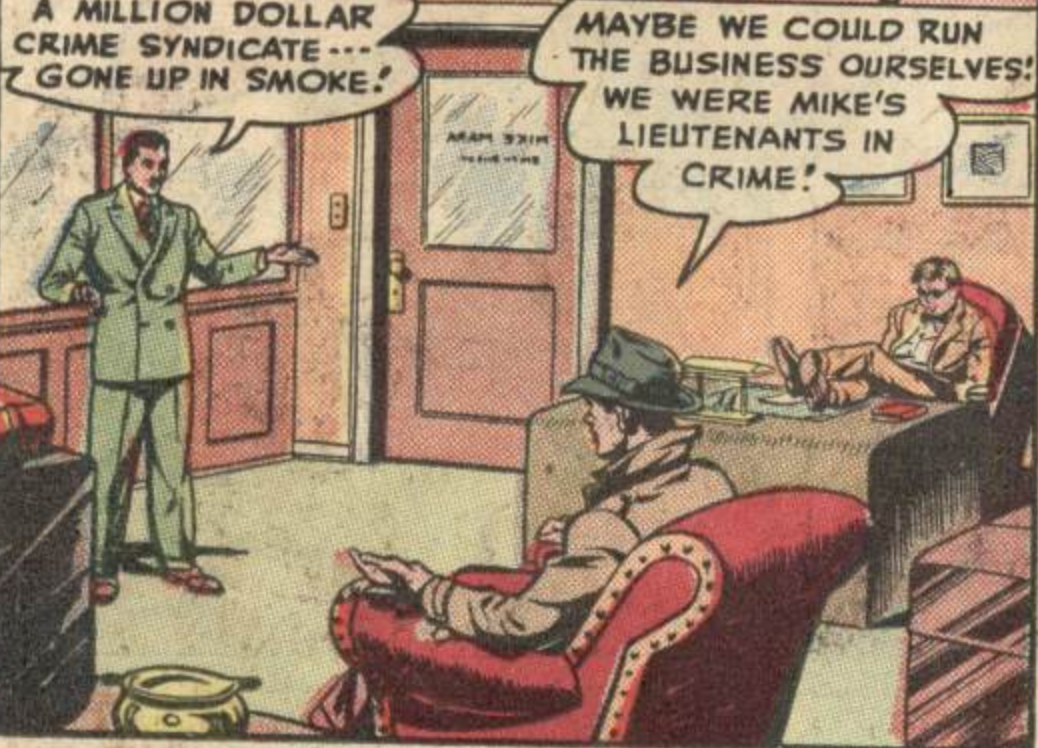




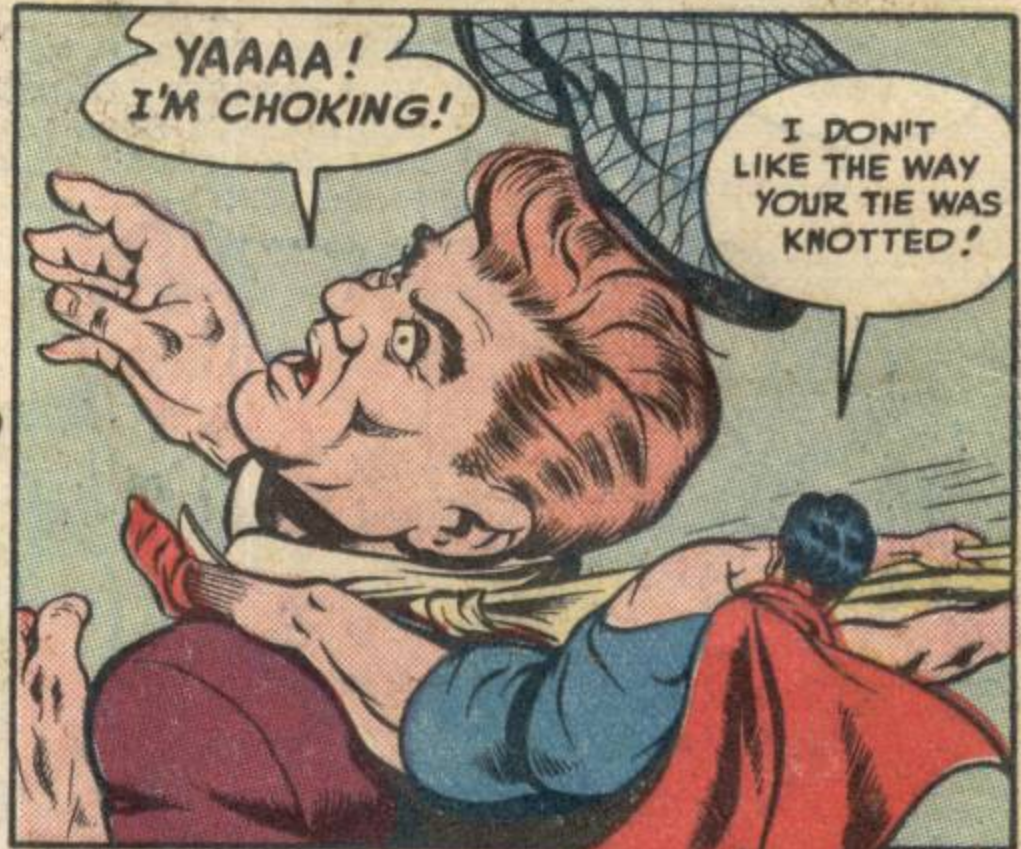
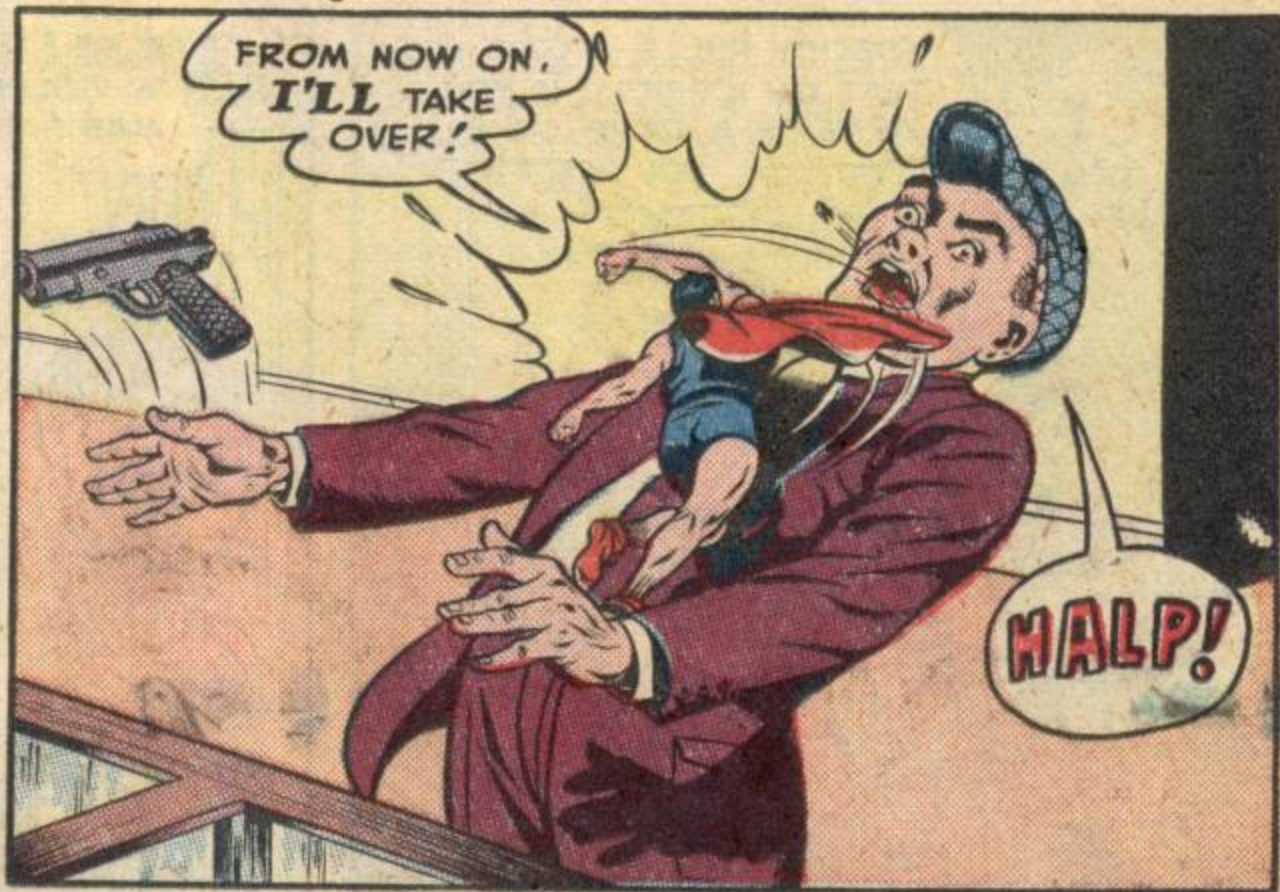
In the homes of decent folk... such as Darrel Dane or Martha Roberts, his fiancée, and her father, Dr. Roberts... the death of Mike Mara is not regarded as a tragedy...

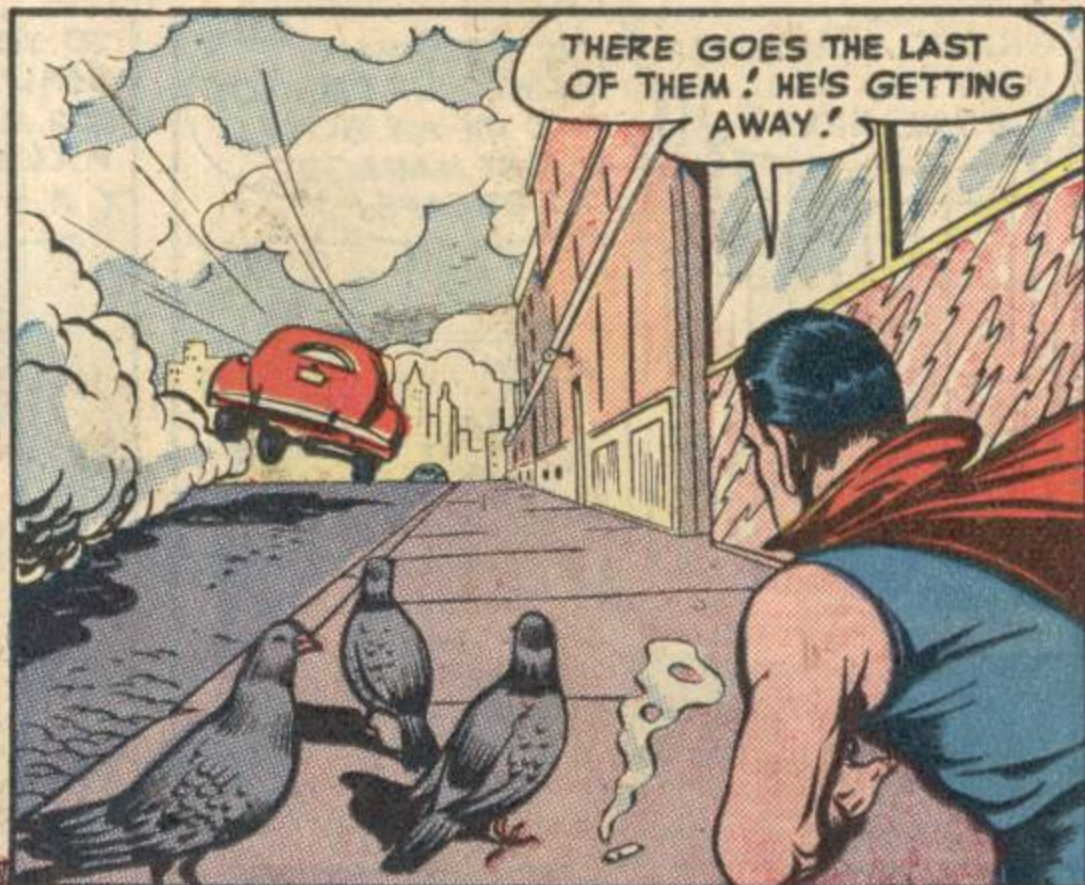


...but in the headquarters of Mike Mara's various criminal enterprises, gloom reigns!















I CAN PULL THE NOOSE TIGHT, TOO! THAT MAKES THE FIRST CASE IN HISTORY OF A SPIDER BEING **HUNG!**



FREE AT LAST! I WANT A RETURN ENGAGEMENT WITH LITTLE MISS MURDER!



Moments later...

SHE'S GONE! BUT THIS LATEST ENTRY TELLS ME WHERE I CAN FIND HER! LITTLE MISS MURDER KEEPS ACCURATE RECORDS...



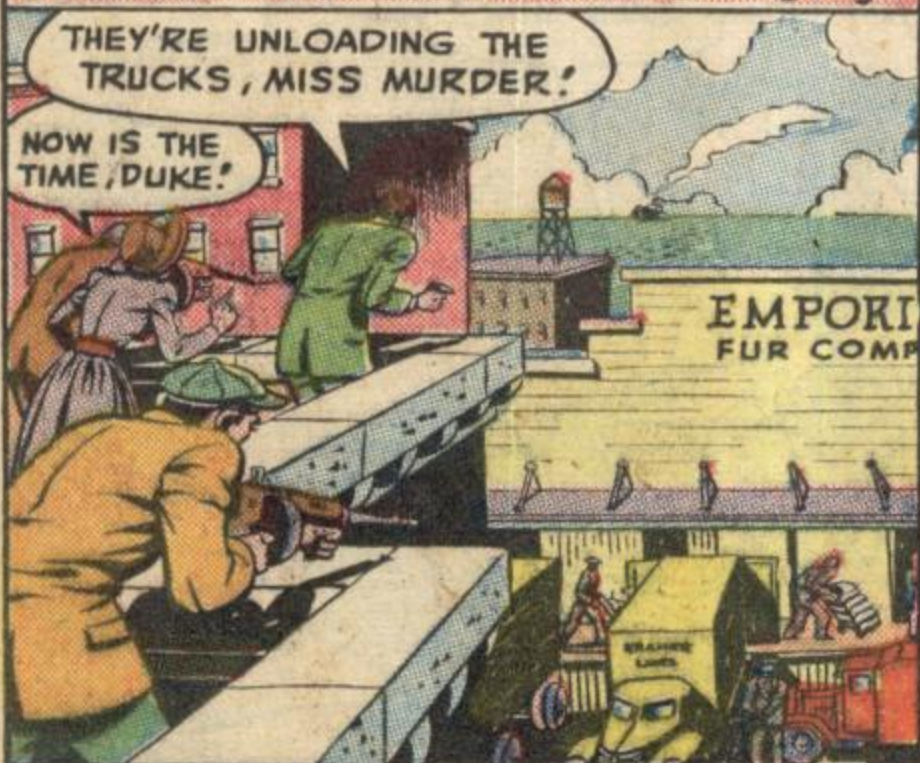
...FOR WHICH I'M PROPERLY GRATEFUL!



At this moment, on a roof top opposite the Emporia Fur Company...

THEY'RE UNLOADING THE TRUCKS, MISS MURDER!

NOW IS THE TIME, DUKE!



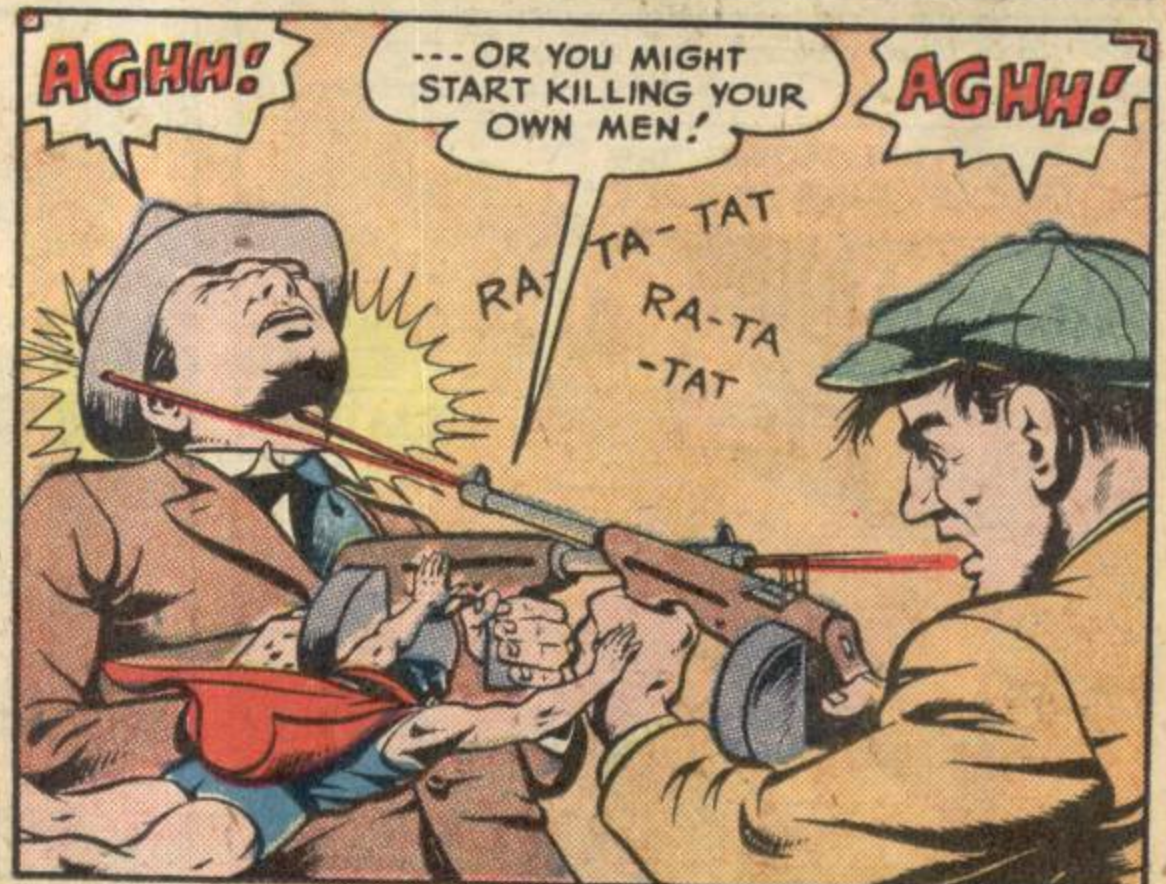
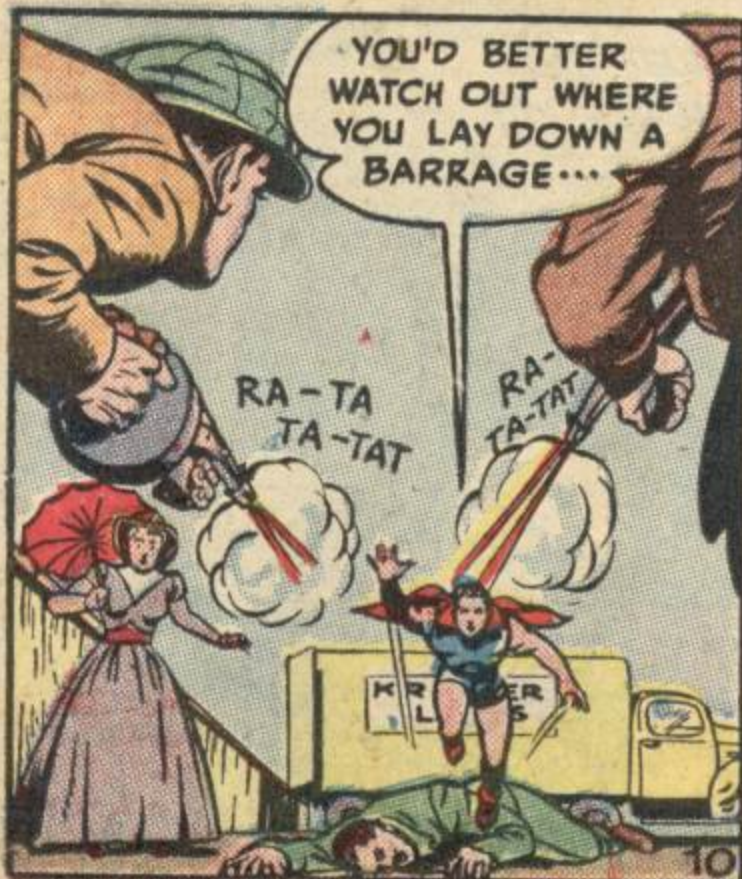
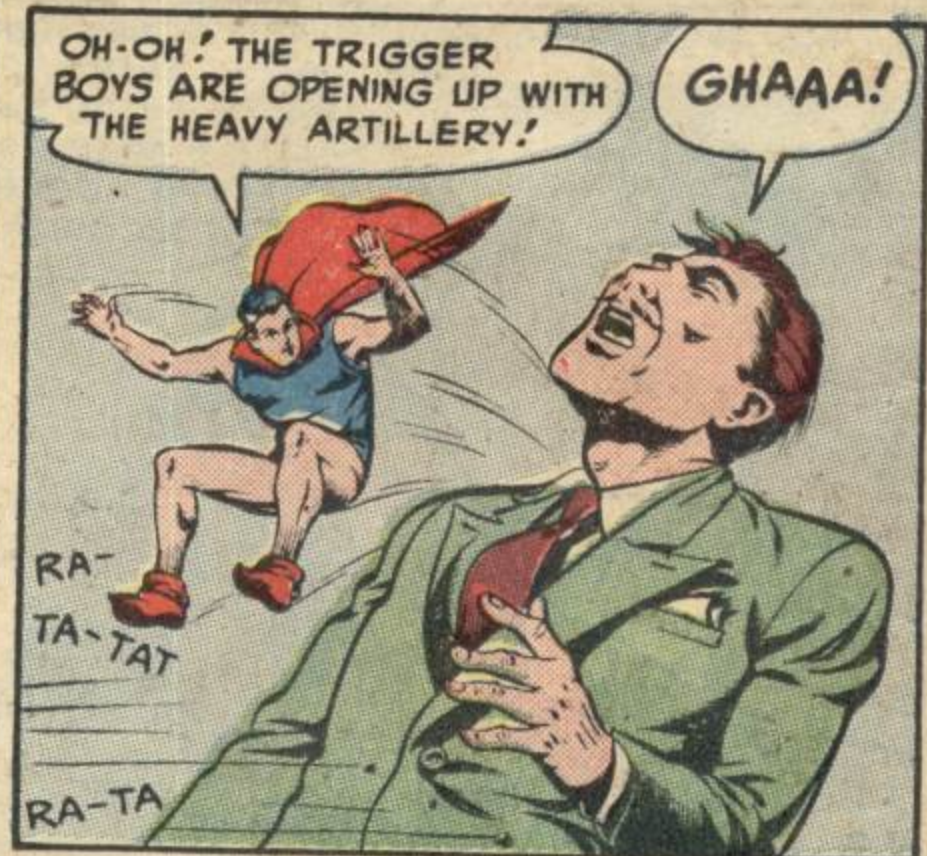
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

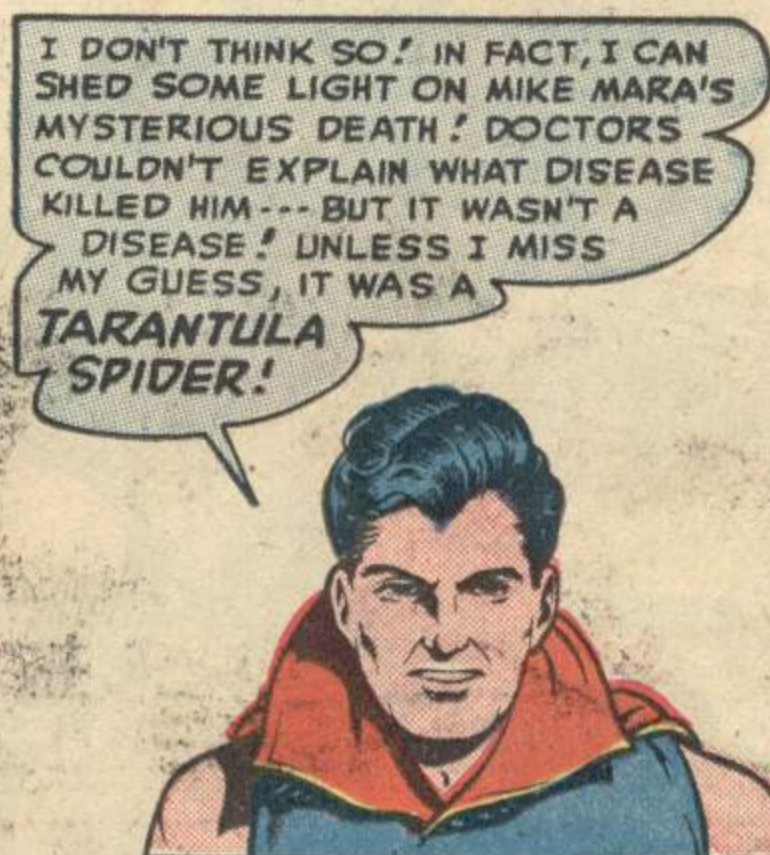
WHAT'S HAPP...
AHHHH!

BANG!

BANG! RA-TA-TAT!
RA-TA-TAT!

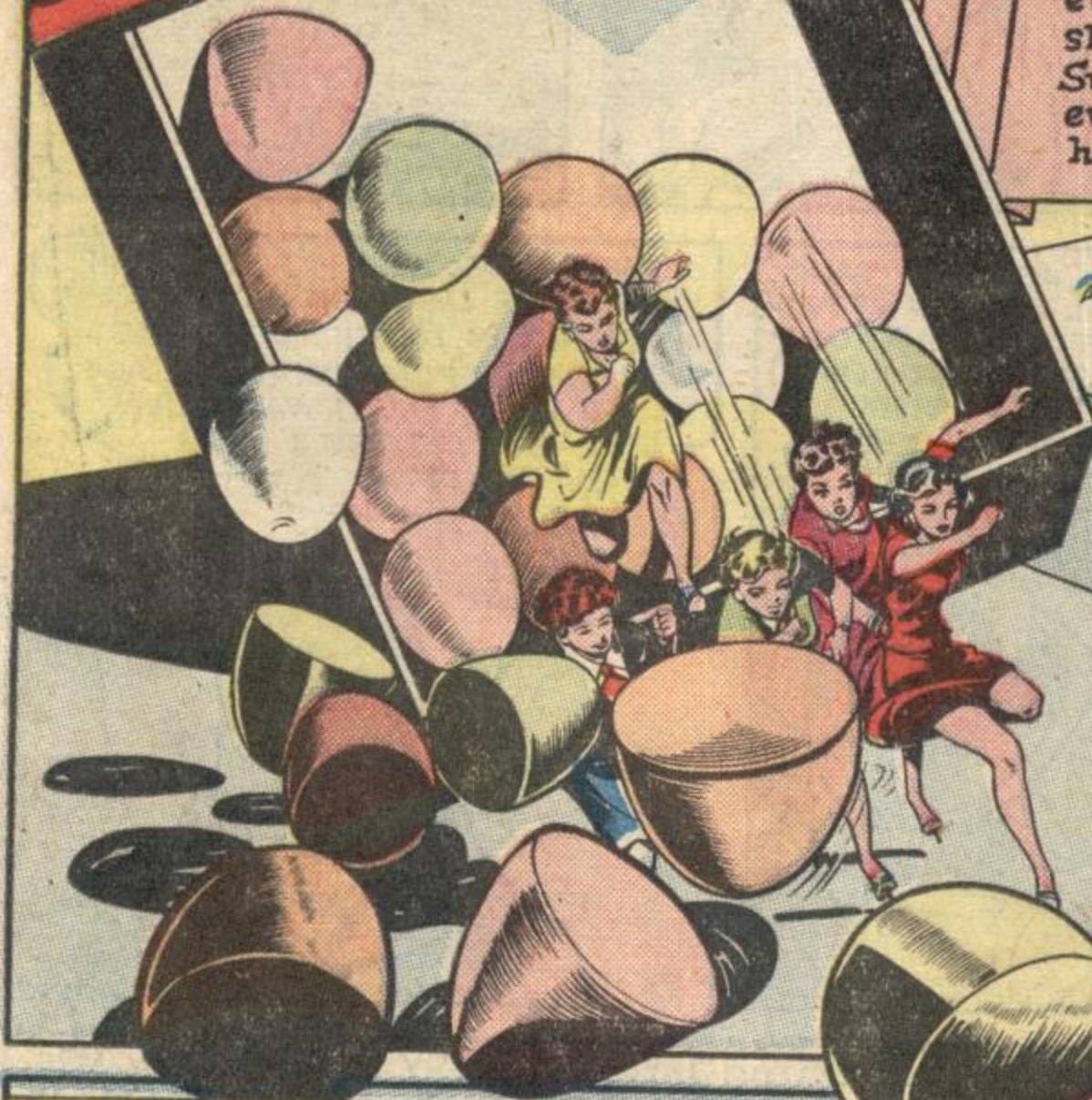






Martha

Talk about having a sweet tooth! Martha Roberts couldn't guess what strange events would follow when she won a box of bonbons! Suddenly it seemed as if everyone wanted to share her good luck... *or else!*

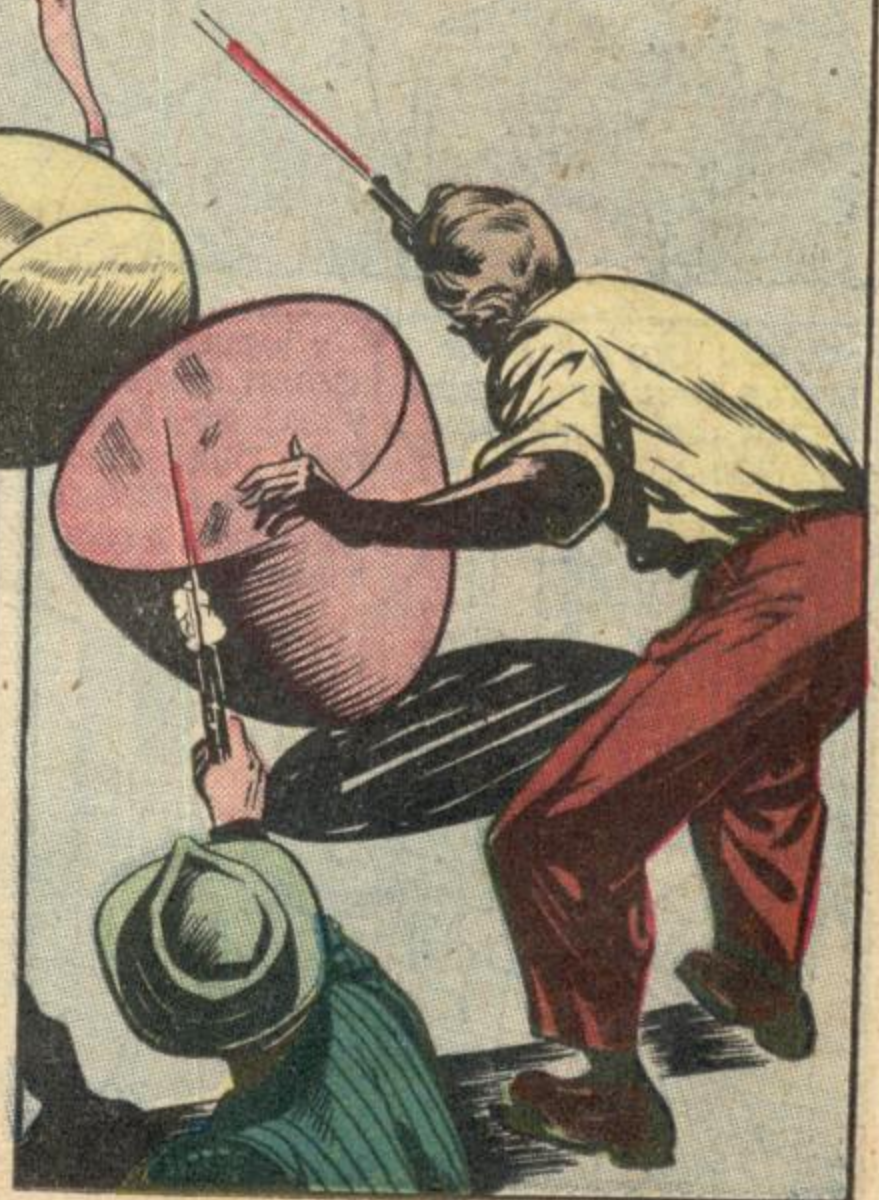


At a woman's club garden party....

I'LL BUY
A LOTTERY
TICKET!

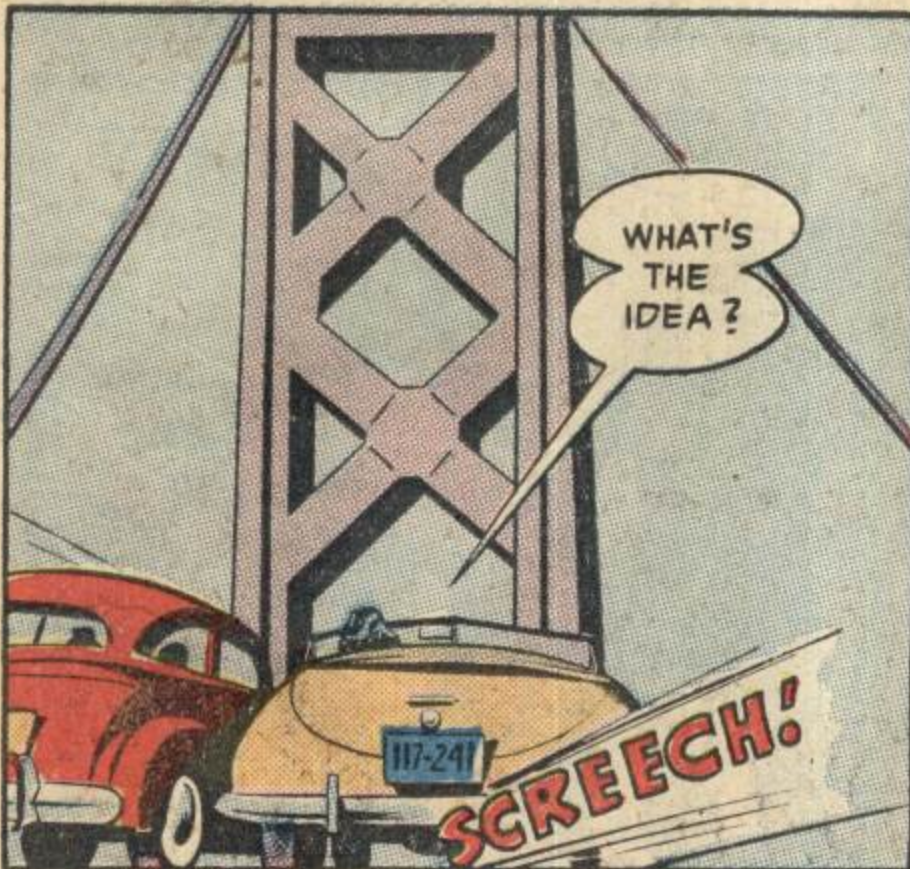
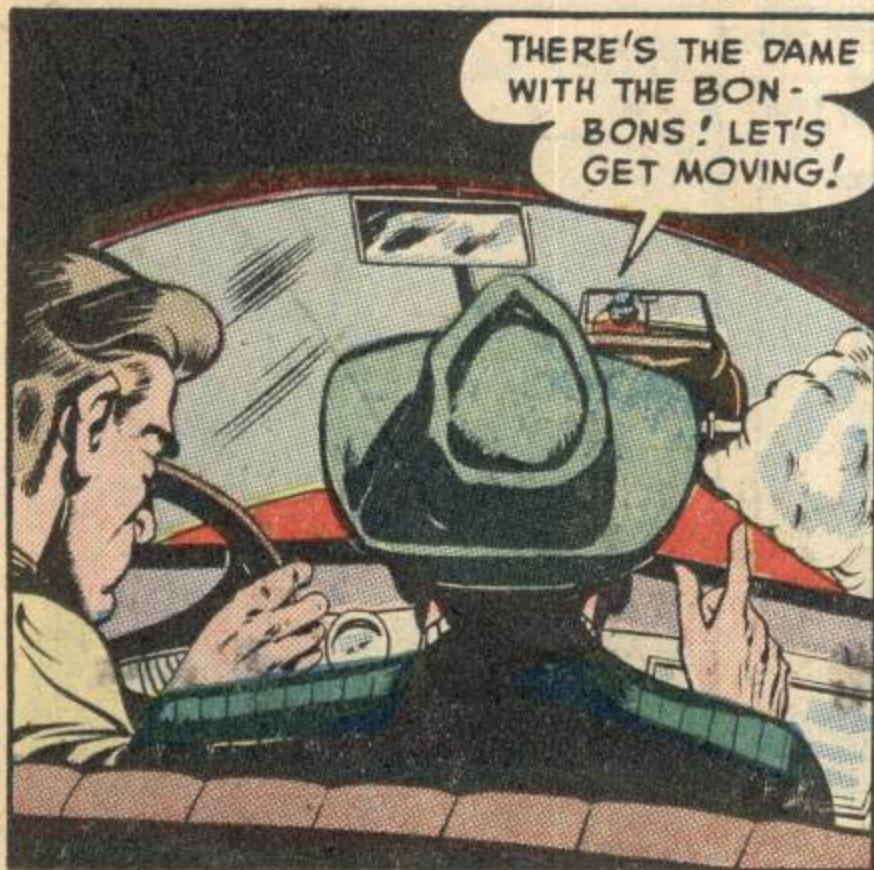
IT'S FOR
A GOOD
CAUSE!

LOTTERY











OWOoo!



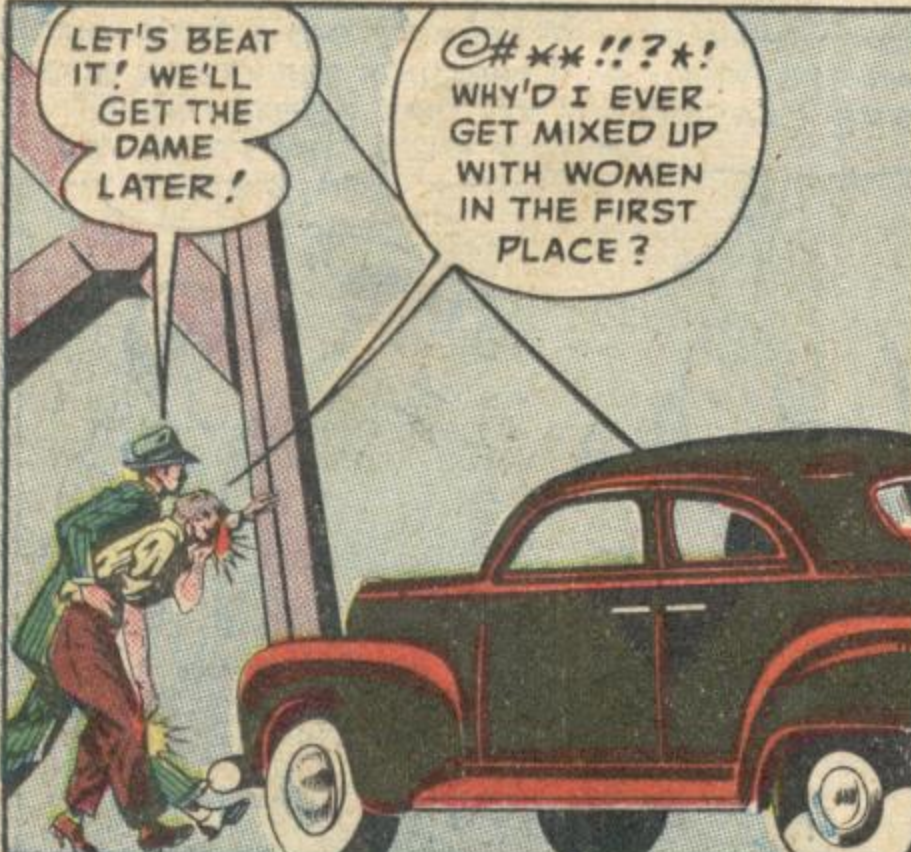
HELP!
POLICE!

UHHH!



WHEEEE!

I'VE GOT A
MIND TO... OH-
OH! THE COPS!



LET'S BEAT
IT! WE'LL
GET THE
DAME
LATER!

©#**!!?*<!-->
 WHY'D I EVER
GET MIXED UP
WITH WOMEN
IN THE FIRST
PLACE?



I HEARD YOUR
SCREAM! WERE
THOSE MEN
ANNOYING
YOU?

THEY TRIED TO STEAL
MY BOX OF BONBONS!



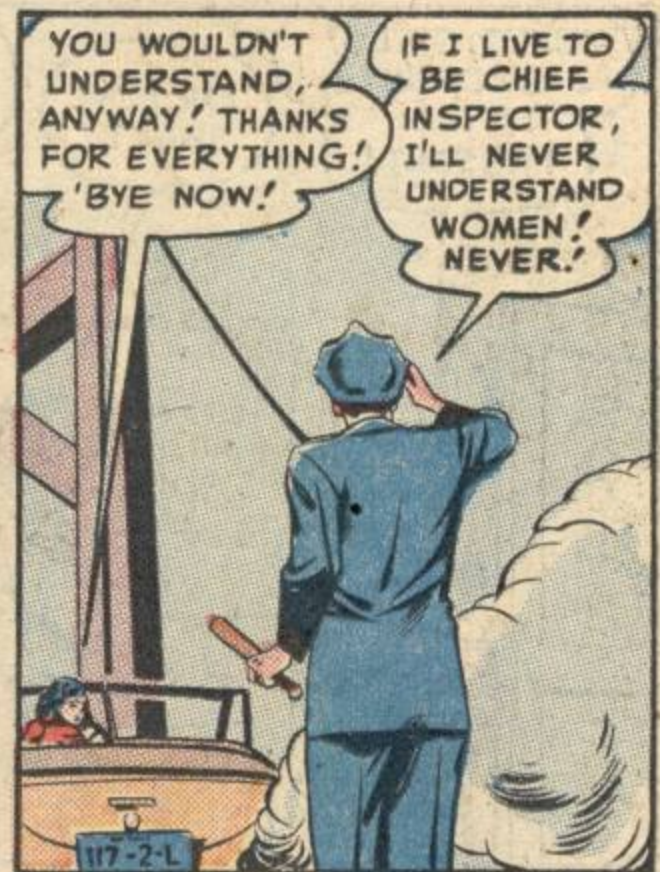
HUH?

NOTHING IN HERE
BUT BONBONS! I
THOUGHT
PERHAPS...



HERE, TRY ONE!
ONLY DON'T BITE
TOO HARD!

SHE MUST BE OFF
HER BEAM! I'D
BETTER HUMOR
HER ALONG!







RETRIBUTION

CALVIN SELLS, state game warden, stood and rubbed his stubby chin as his eyes roved over the prime buck deer that lay at his feet. He had seen the deer leap and crash in the underbrush just a moment before. But he had heard no shot. At first he thought he had suddenly gone deaf. But he passed that up when he heard a bluejay squawk nearby.

"No, something had killed that buck. But what? There was no arrow protruding from its body. He had heard no shot.

Ah, maybe the feller was using a silencer! Cal bent down and went over the deer, rolled him over and explored the other side. No bullet hole.

"Now what the heck you make of that, Cal?" he asked himself, speaking to himself as he always did when he was deeply perplexed.

There was no answer forthcoming.

Could the deer have been suddenly stricken by some disease that snuffed him out in this fashion? He could see the buck's great eyes, wide open, staring, glazed. His mouth was half open. A few blades of grass still clung to its wet lips.

Cal got to his feet and rubbed his jaw again. Things were not as they should be in these woods. No, and he had been here wardening nigh onto eighteen years.

Cal picked up his rifle and strode down the trail, muttering to himself. He couldn't seem to get that dead buck out of his mind. The wide open eyes. The rigid tautness of the body, even though it had died but a couple of minutes before he reached it.

Near a broad stream, where many of the wild things came to drink, Cal halted in deep bushes. He would just take a look at the animals coming down to take their evening guzzle. Cal always liked to watch them at this duty. They stepped so gently, acted so wary, eyeing each other. Yet somehow all feuds were off at the watering place. Mountain lion and deer often stood close to each other to drink. It was one of the strange riddles of the woods.

A leaf whispered not far off, and a great black bear waddled out on the bank. He lifted his shaggy head, tested the wind with his shiny nose, and then plunged his face in the cold water. Cal could plainly hear the deep lapping, the satisfied grunt.

The bear, having quaffed his fill, lifted his head again, presenting a perfect of Nature's wild things taking delight in its surroundings.

Then——

The bear gave a strange grunt, reared upon its great hind legs, and toppled over to lay still. Cal leaped out of the brush and stood beside the bear. The huge animal didn't move a muscle. It was dead.

This was too much. Cal cast quick looks around, but could see nothing. The pale blue haze of early autumn clung over the forest. Autumn's stillness hung over everything. Not a sound could be heard.

Then Cal got himself an idea. Perhaps the water in the stream was poisoned! He went back into the bushes and took up his stance to watch. Soon a tiny striped squirrel came slinking down to the edge of the water, looked around, and began drinking. It pirouetted a bit on the edge of the stream, licked its small chops and chattered sharply.

Cal made a slight noise. The squirrel ran up a small tree, to sit scolding him on a lower branch. Cal watched for fully ten minutes, while the little animal's antics grew more ludicrous—as all squirrels will perform when humans are watching them. Regular little actors. But Cal knew by this time that the stream's water was not poisoned.

Here was a poser. What was happening to the animals that they dropped dead as if from nothing?

A fat woodchuck made his appearance on the stream's edge. He paid no attention to anything; just stuck his snoot into the liquid and began drinking. He had scarcely lifted his head when his body turned a complete somersault and he landed flat on his back—stone dead.

Cal stood as if he himself were turned to stone. He felt the hackles on his neck rise, and a coldness shot through him. Here was a problem for someone who knew more than he did. He turned quietly and made off through the woods.

In his cabin there was a small radio and a telephone that connected with headquarters. In a moment he was in excited conversation with the chief, telling him exactly what he had witnessed. The chief at first chuckled, accusing Cal of having something stronger than water,

then he sobered when he realized that his best warden never indulged.

"Okay, Cal," he said. "I'll send up someone in the morning. In the meantime, keep your eye out."

Cal hung up the receiver and took a deep breath. Then he set about preparing his supper.

The death of the deer and bear and woodchuck kept filling his mind. The coffee ran over. His flapjacks burned. He forgot to feed his pet skunk, but it reminded him by leaping onto the table and upsetting the sugar bowl.

Here, thought Cal, I gotta come out of this thing. Wait till Waters gets here in the mornin'. He'll know what to do. Waters is a smart feller.

When Waters, a detective for the forest service, arrived at eight the next morning, he listened to the full account of what had happened.

"Let's mosey out and take a peek at that deer and—whatever else you saw killed," he said.

Cal led him first to the deer. It still lay where it had fallen.

"Hm," said the dick, turning the stiff animal over, "it has a strange look about the eyes. No marks on its body at all."

The bear proved the same thing, as did the woodchuck.

"I swear," said Waters, "this thing has me baffled. Can't figger it out at all. Death must have been instantaneous in all cases. But death from what?"

Cal told him about his idea of the water being poisoned, and his quick discovery that it wasn't.

"Poison wouldn't work that fast, especially diffused as it would be in a wide running stream. Anyway, there was the squirrel to prove it."

"Yeah," Cal relapsed into silence.

"We'd better do some looking around," said Waters. "You lead on. Take it easy. We'll just look."

Cal started off, his expression moody. He didn't like to see wildlife slaughtered needlessly. He loved animals of all kinds. If this were the doings of some man—Cal gripped his big fists and growled low in his throat.

Suddenly Cal stopped and pointed. Just off the game trail lay the body of a giant moose, its antlers a vast spread of magnificence. It was stiff in death, with not a mark upon its beautiful body.

Cal swore roundly and tears came into his wizened eyes. "Oh, if I could get my hands on the dirty varmint—"

Waters said, "But maybe it isn't the doings of anybody at all, Cal. It may be some strange malady that's attacking the larger animals."

Crash! Both men jumped. A huge tawny mountain lion slashed down through the branches and flopped into a young tamarack not ten feet away, then slid to the ground. It was stone dead.

"This ties it!" exclaimed the detective. "Come on!"

Waters plunged up the trail, Cal close behind him. Neither knew what he intended doing. Both demanded action of some kind.

It began to drizzle as they forged ahead. The forest grew darker, but they stuck to the trail.

Soon they routed a herd of fat mule deer. As these animals were then protected, they showed little fear of mankind. They simply lifted their graceful heads and stared at the two men, then went on about their grazing.

There was a sudden commotion in the bushes across the little clearing. Someone, or something, had stumbled over a root. But no. Cal pointed. Both men saw a shiny tube poking through the brush. It wavered, lowered. The rain was coming down now in a fine mist that wet things through in no time.

The tube appeared again. And suddenly there was a vast sheet of blue flame that enveloped almost the entire glade. It knocked Cal and Waters flat, sent the deer scampering off at a great rate.

When he was able, Cal got to his feet and helped Waters up. Then they raced across the glade. A man lay at its edge. He was burned almost to a crisp. The shattered wreckage of a strange device was clutched in his charred hands. Waters pried it loose.

"An electric rifle," he gasped. "My gosh! What a weapon! No wonder there was no sound. It killed with a bolt of electricity. Simply electrocuted anything it hit."

"Eh?" said Cal, dazed from the shock he had received.

Waters explained again. Cal went into a torrent of swearing. "Served him right, the thing blowing up in his face, the hateful varmint!" he stormed.

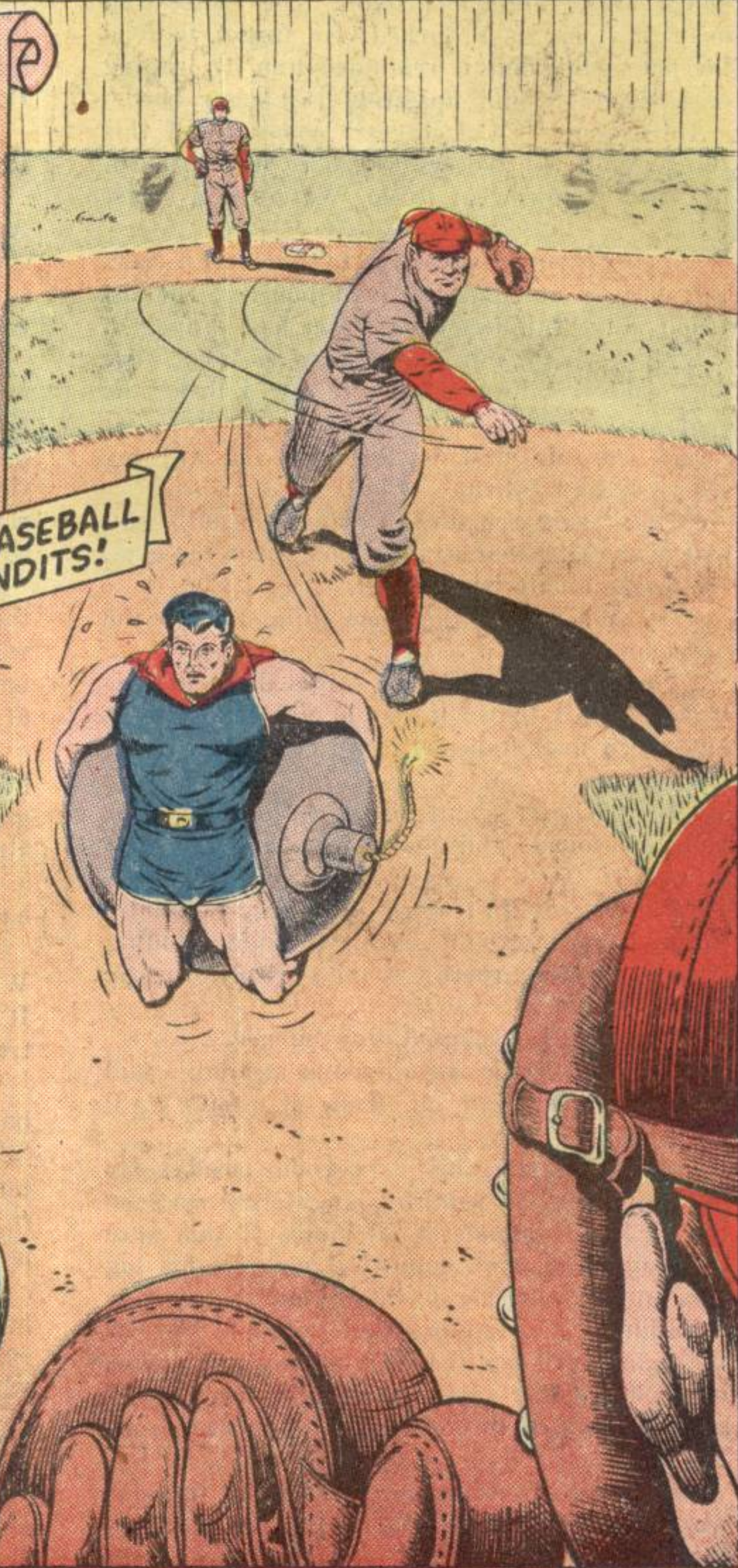
"I think," said Waters, "that Nature had a hand in his undoing. You see, he forgot that rain was a carrier of electricity. When he pulled the trigger, he electrocuted himself."

The papers in the man's pockets were charred beyond recognition, as he himself was. So they just buried the whole thing, gun and man, in an unmarked hole in the woods. It was better that way.

THE DOLL MAN

Play Ball! It's a joyous shout that greets the start of every baseball game! For everybody loves the national pastime...the blur of a speeding fast-ball, the crack of a bat, the zinging smack of horsehide in a leather glove! Here is the tale of a different kind of criminal, a man who knew how to use the teamwork of sports in a more sinister pursuit...and who put two strikes over on **The Doll Man** before the mighty mite solved the baffling delivery of

The BASEBALL BANDITS!



A familiar scene...with the count three and two on the batter, the pitcher wings through with a payoff pitch.



But we're certain that you've never witnessed a baseball game in a more unusual setting

STRIKE THREE!



NICE PITCHING!

THEY NEVER EVEN SAW THE BALL!

TEAMWORK DID IT! YOU BACKED ME UP ON EVERY PLAY!



OKAY, MEN! THE GAME'S OVER! **BACK TO YOUR CELLS!**



I SLAMMED A TRIPLE! I'LL BETCHA HY TERRISS COULDN'T HAVE HIT THAT BALL ANY FARTHER!

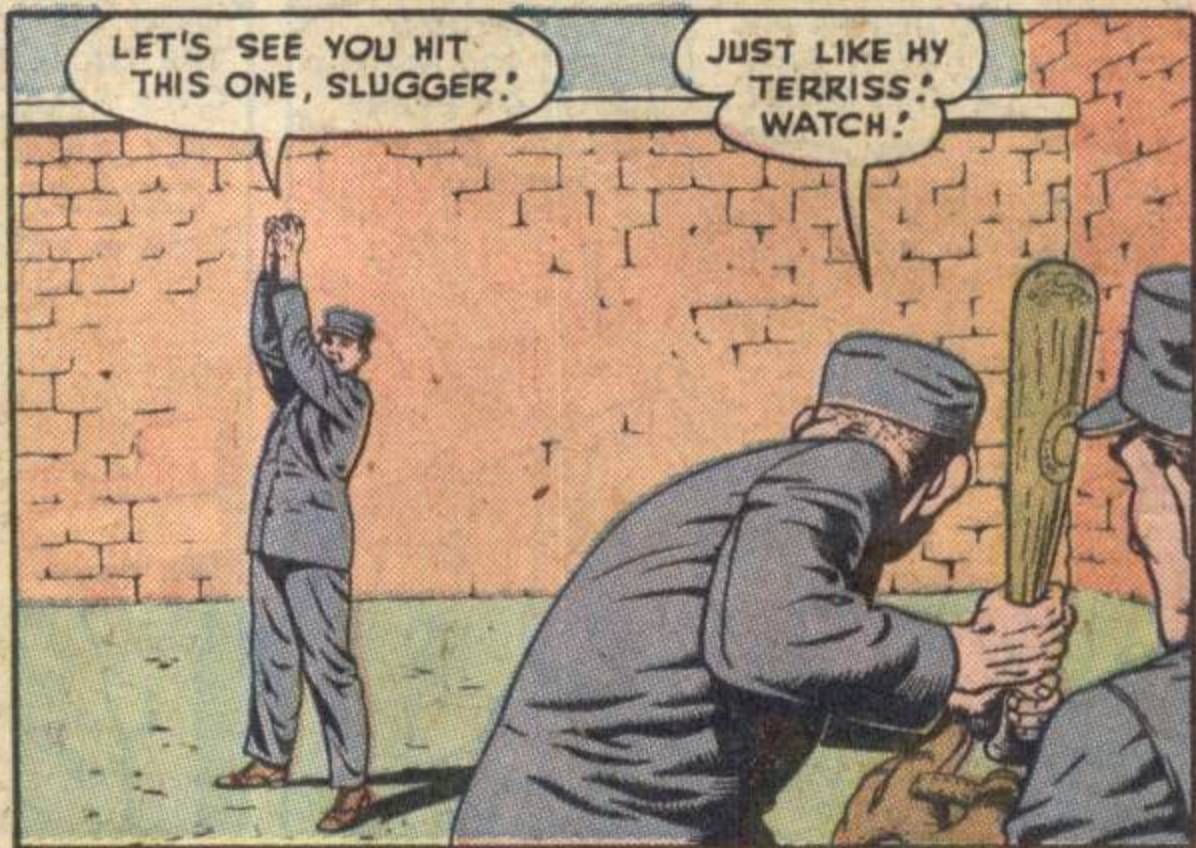
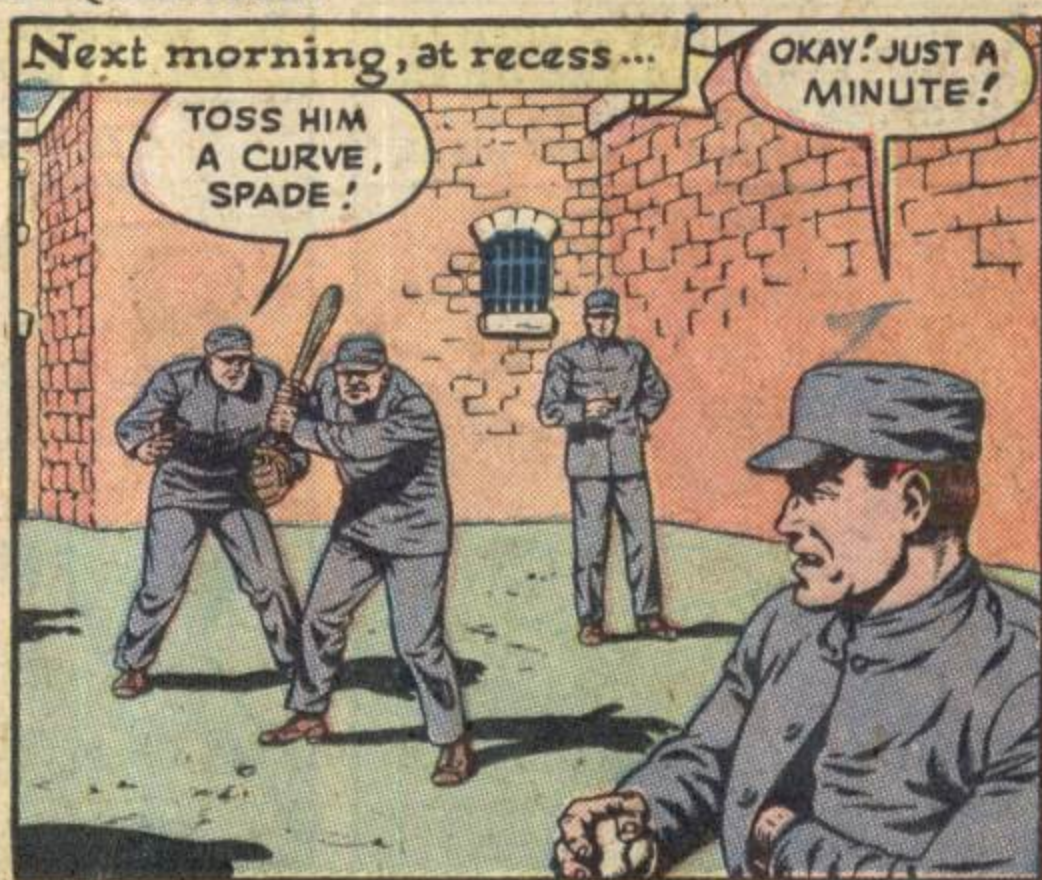
WE'RE GOOD! NO TEAM'S BEATEN US IN THREE YEARS! YOU KNOW WHY, SLUGGER?

BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD PITCHER. HUH, SPADE?

NO! BECAUSE WE PLAY TOGETHER ... AS A UNIT! IT'S WHAT THEY CALL **TEAMWORK** IN SPORTS! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

CRIMINALS ARE CAUGHT BECAUSE THEY USUALLY WORK ALONE! EVEN WHEN THEY'VE GOT A PARTNER, THEY NEVER PRACTICE TEAMWORK ... THEY DON'T KNOW HOW! BUT WE DO! IF IT WORKS IN BASEBALL, WHY WON'T IT WORK IN CRIME, TOO?





Several nights later, the quiet of the prison is broken by a shrill alarm



On the highway not far from the prison...



WHY ARE YOU STOPPING?

THE PRISON SIREN! DON'T YOU HEAR IT?

TAKE THE CAR AND GO HOME, MARTHA! I DON'T WANT YOU AROUND IF THERE'S TROUBLE, BUT THE **DOLL MAN** MAY BE NEEDED!

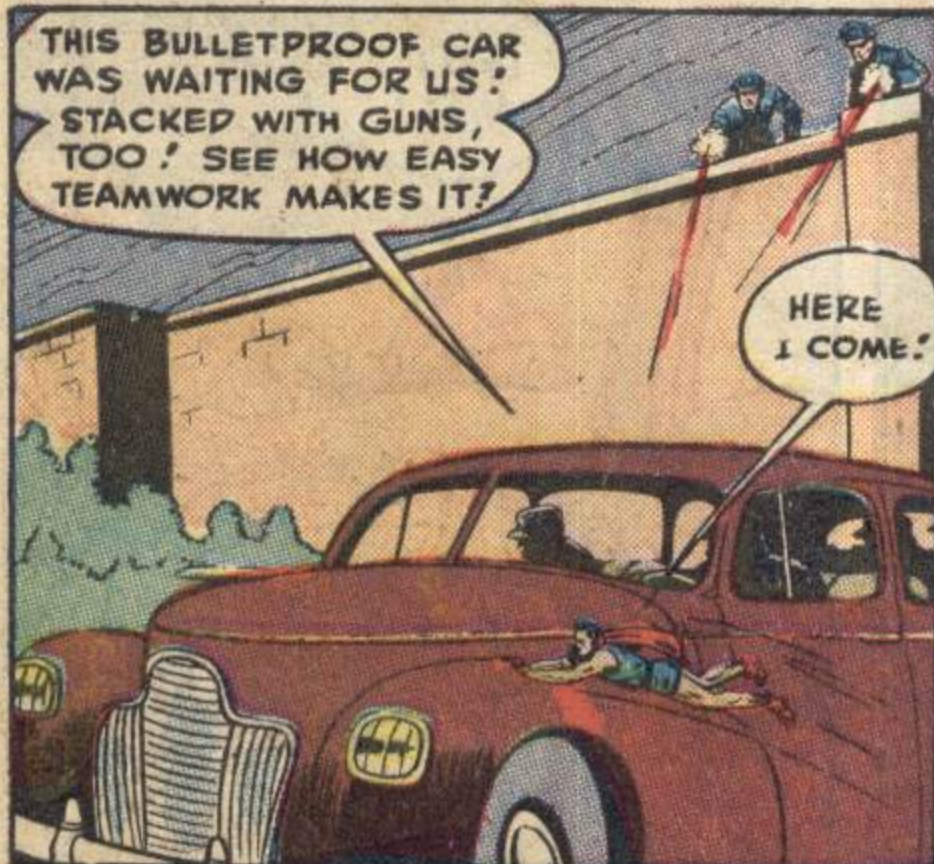


ALL RIGHT, DARREL! BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

Quickly Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body to become the tiny **Doll Man**!

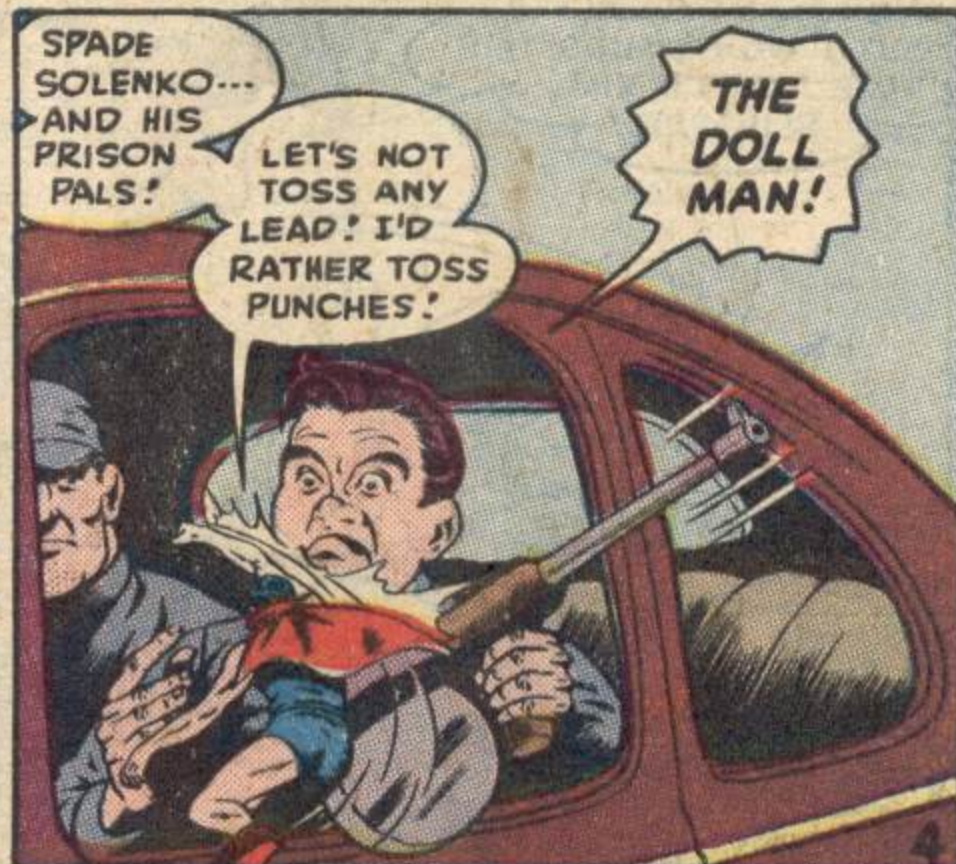


THIS BULLETPROOF CAR WAS WAITING FOR US! STACKED WITH GUNS, TOO! SEE HOW EASY TEAMWORK MAKES IT?



HERE I COME!

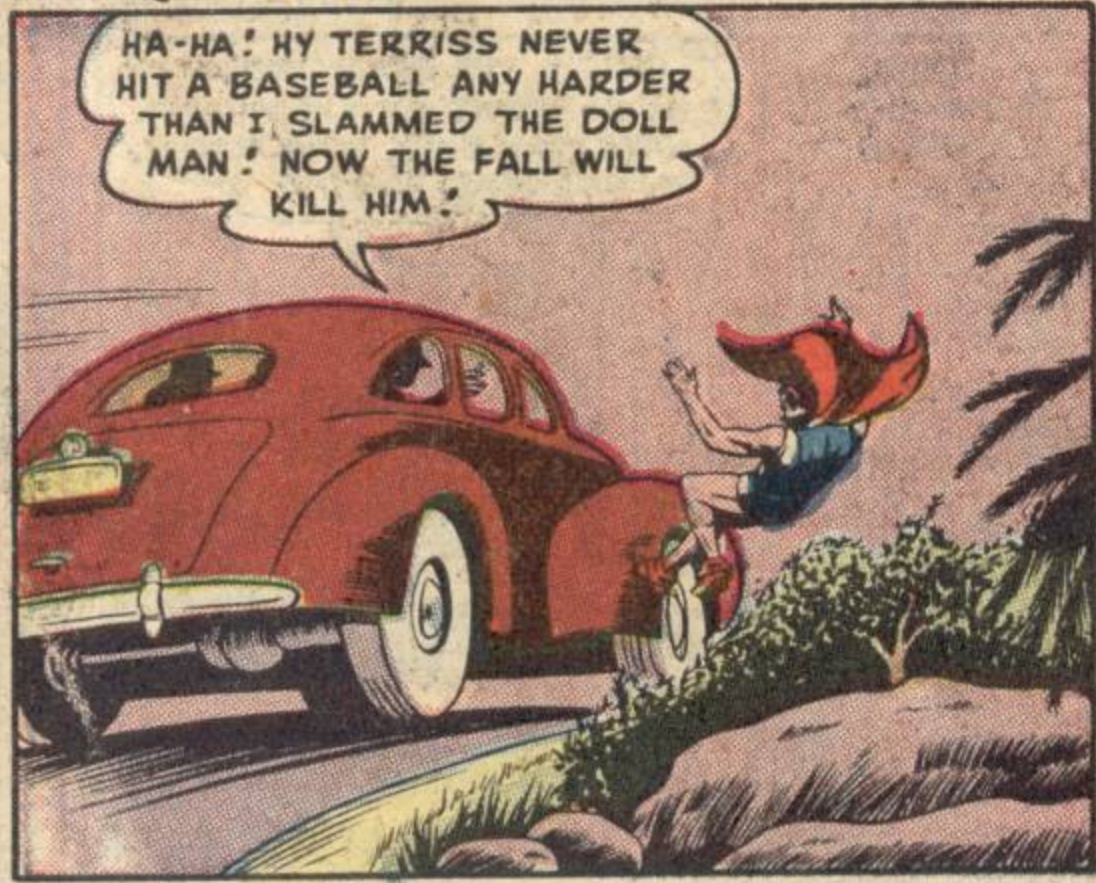
SPADE SOLENKO... AND HIS PRISON PALS!



LET'S NOT TOSS ANY LEAD! I'D RATHER TOSS PUNCHES!

THE **DOLL MAN**!





But the Doll Man's hurtling fall is broken by the yielding branches of a small bush.



GROANN! IF I COULD FIND A SPOT THAT WASN'T ALREADY BLACK AND BLUE, I'D PINCH MYSELF TO SEE IF I WAS ALIVE!



THAT WAS A NEAT DOUBLE PLAY THEY WORKED ON ME! IT ADDS UP TO NO RUNS... SEVERAL HITS... AND MY ERROR!



BUT THIS GAME ISN'T OVER! MY INNING WILL COME AGAIN, AND I'LL BAT SPADE SOLENKO AND HIS PALS RIGHT BACK INTO A PRISON CELL!

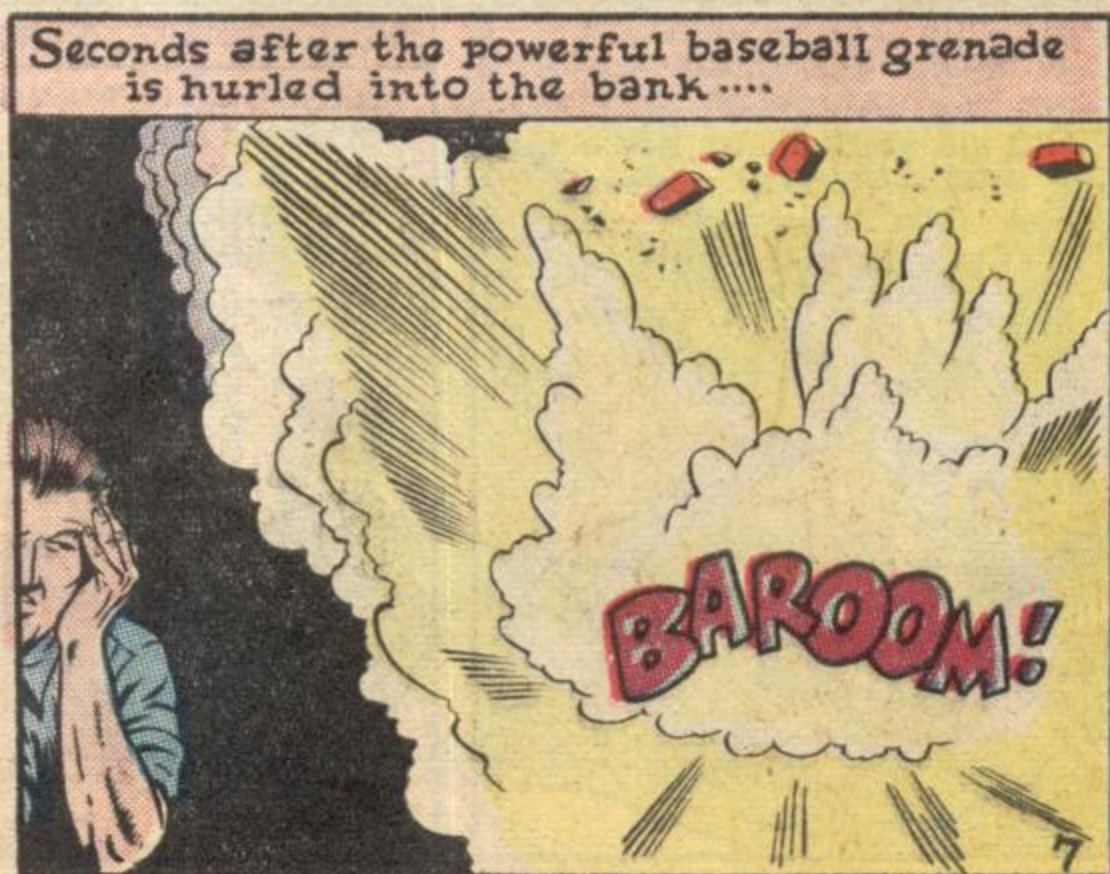
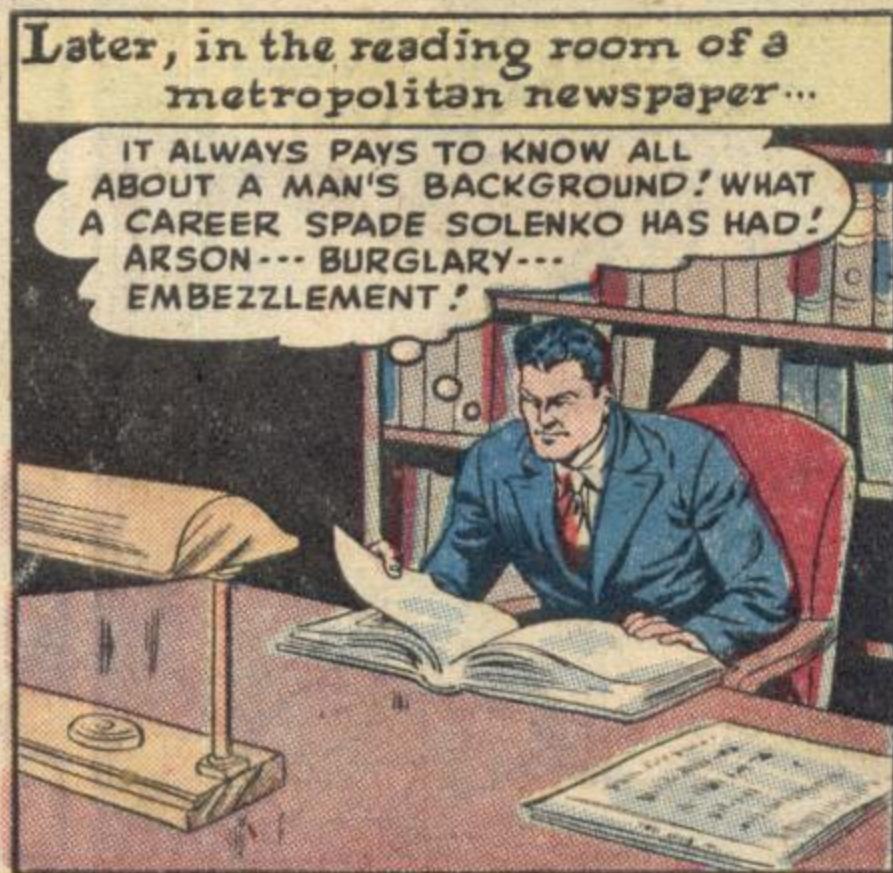


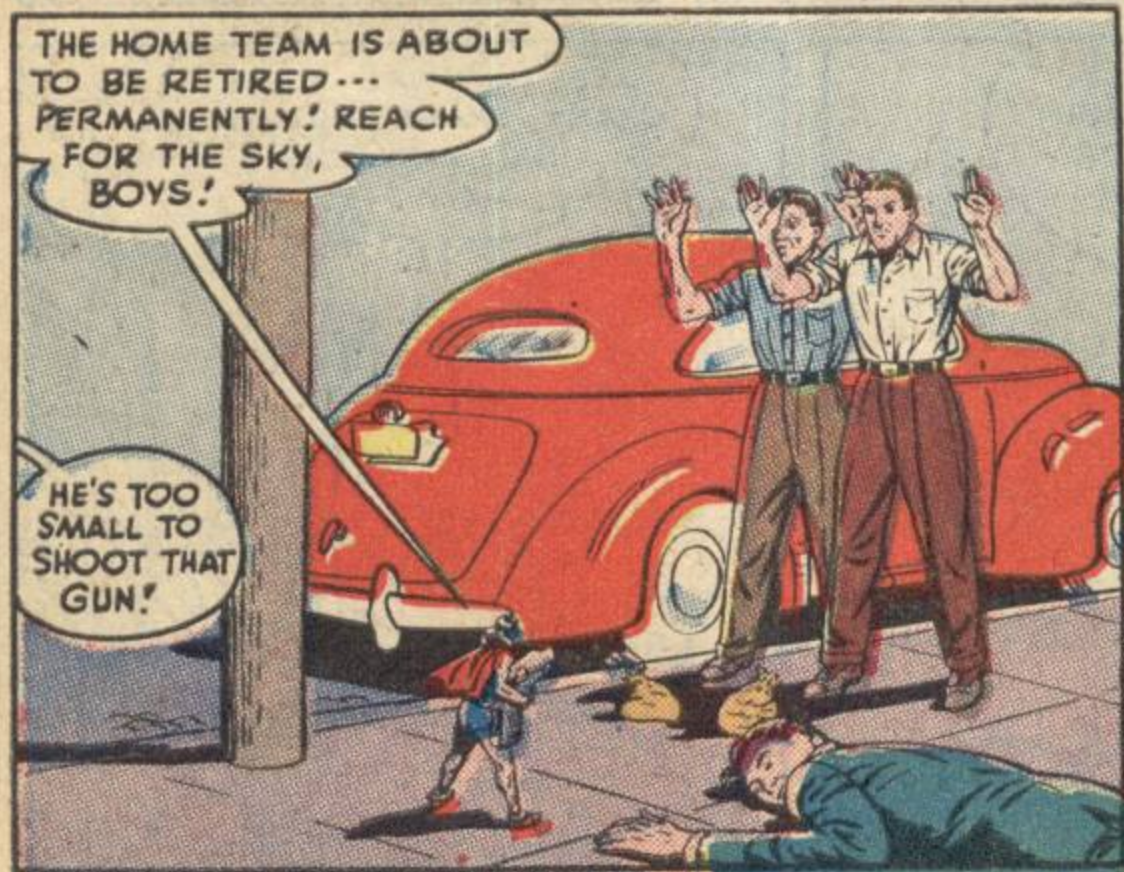
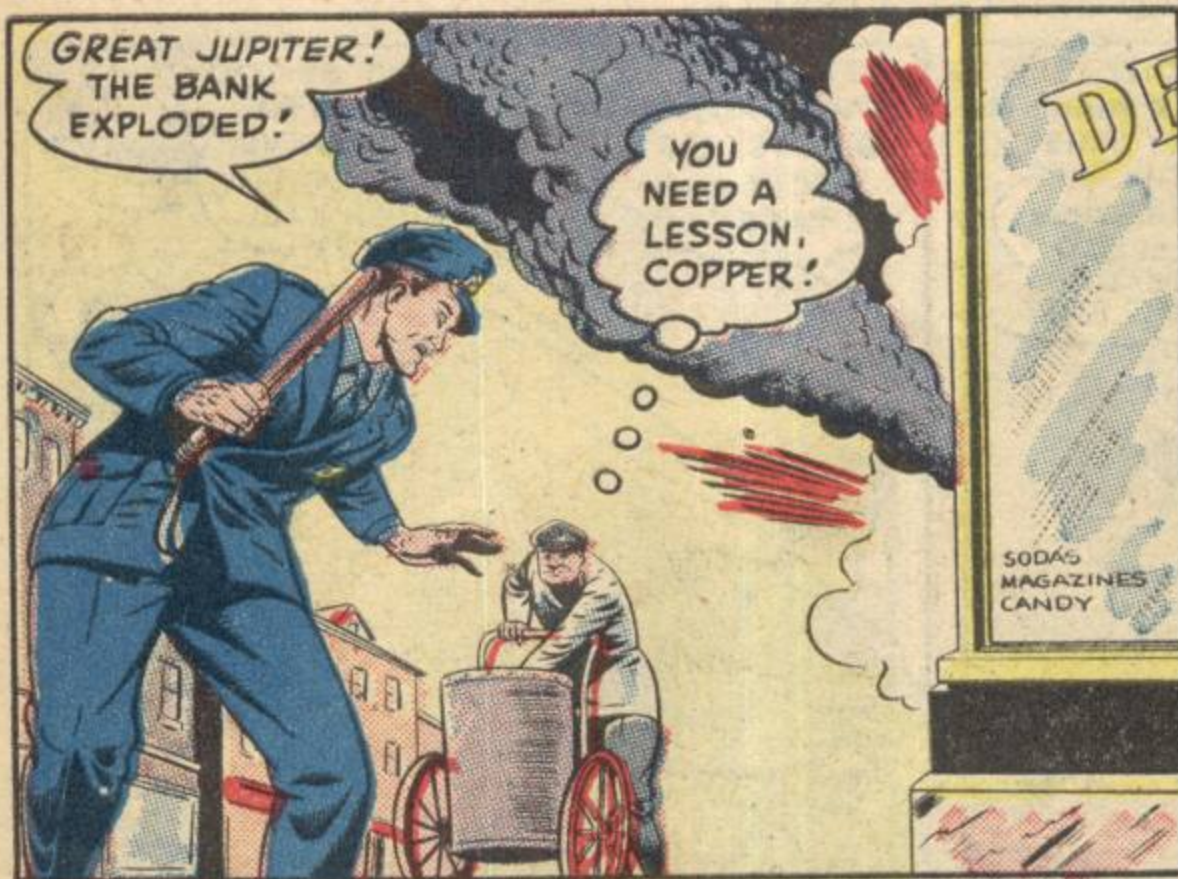
Meanwhile, Spade Solenko isn't wasting any time!

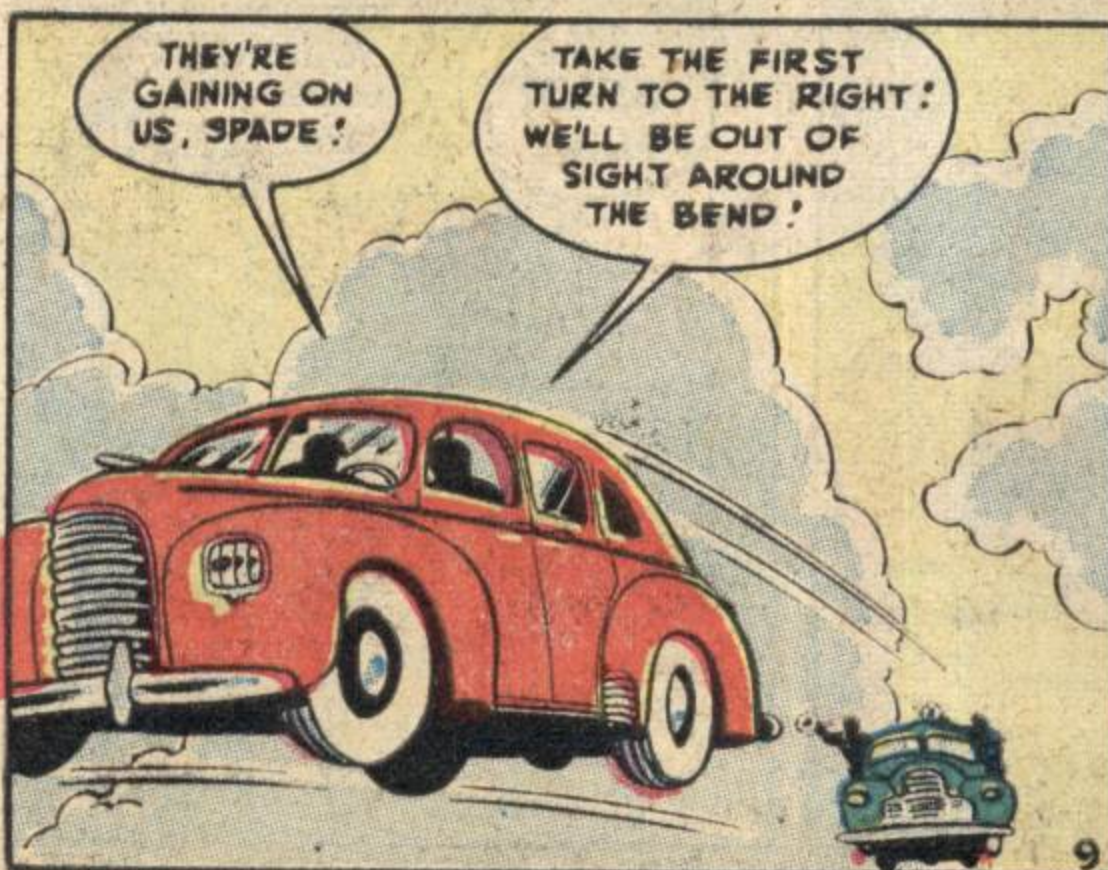
YOU SAW HOW TEAMWORK BEAT THE DOLL MAN! NONE OF US COULD DO IT ALONE! TOMORROW WE START PLAYING BALL IN THE BIG TIME!

THAT'S OKAY WITH US!











NOW WE CAN HAVE FUN---WITH THE DOLL MAN!
I'VE JUST HAD AN INGENUOUS IDEA FOR
DISPOSING OF HIM! HAND
ME THAT BASEBALL
BAT! I'VE GOT SOME
STRONG WIRE, SO
WE'LL JUST---



What strange fate is decreed for the
mighty mite? Strong wires bind
him to a baseball bat....



CURIOUS, DOLL MAN?
YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN IN
A MINUTE!

I'M SURE
IT'S MEANT
TO BE
FATAL!
WHY NOT
JUST
SHOOT
ME AND
HAVE
DONE WITH
IT?



TOO CRUDE, MY LITTLE
FRIEND! I LIKE IMAGINATION
IN MY MURDERS! YOU SEE,
I HAVE HERE SEVERAL
BASEBALLS! ONE OF THEM
IS NOT QUITE WHAT IT
SEEMS---



WE KEPT A SPARE BASEBALL-
GRENADE IN CASE ANYTHING
WENT WRONG! WHEN THE FUSE
IS SET, IT EXPLODES WITHIN
FIVE MINUTES! TO
KEEP YOU FROM
BEING BORED,
WE'LL PLAY A
LITTLE GAME
UNTIL THEN!



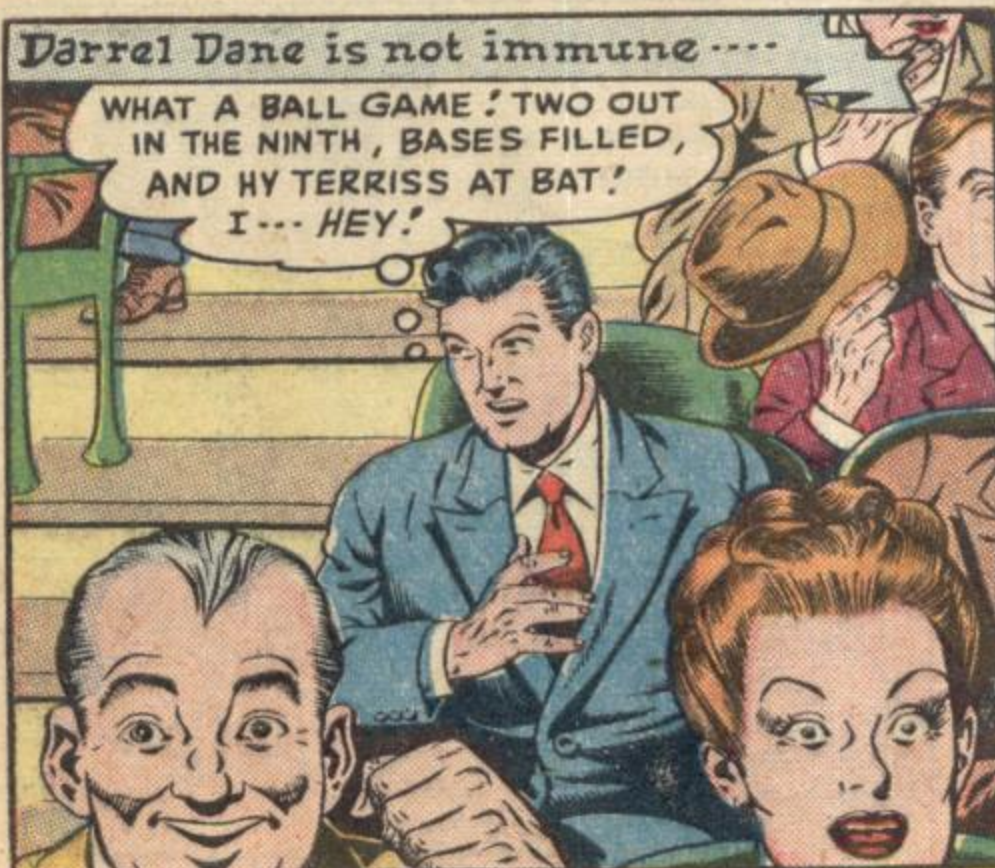
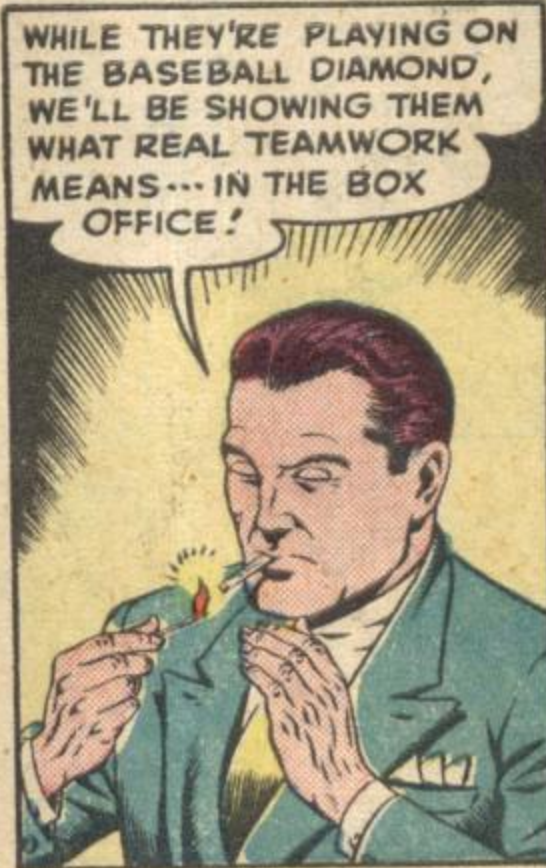
IT'S CALLED HIT-THE-BAT!
THE WINNER IS THE ONE
WHO CAN THROW A BALL
CLOSEST TO YOU!

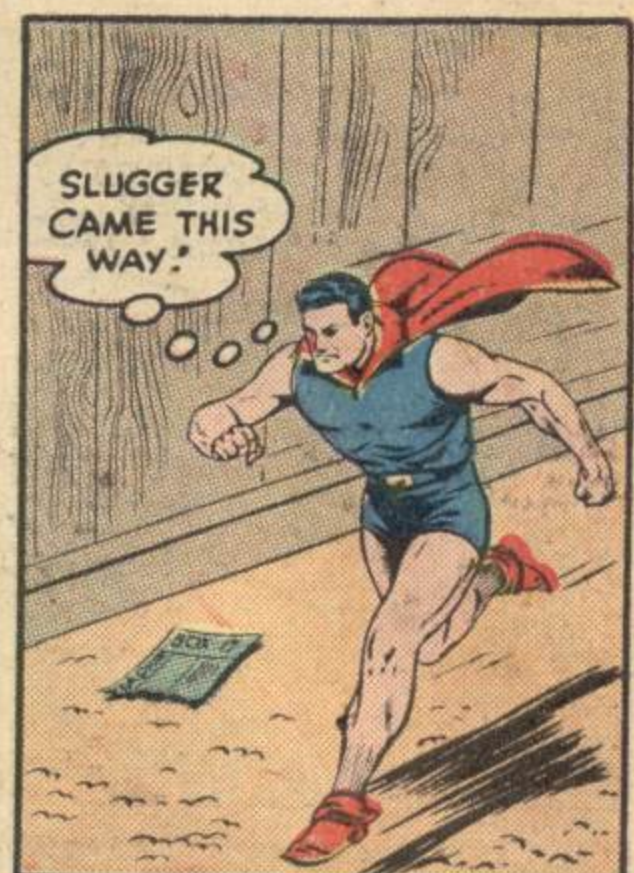
HA-HA!



I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS
THE GRENADE! WHAT A
CRAZY WAY TO DIE!
SPADE SOLENKO HAS
A GRIM SENSE OF
HUMOR!



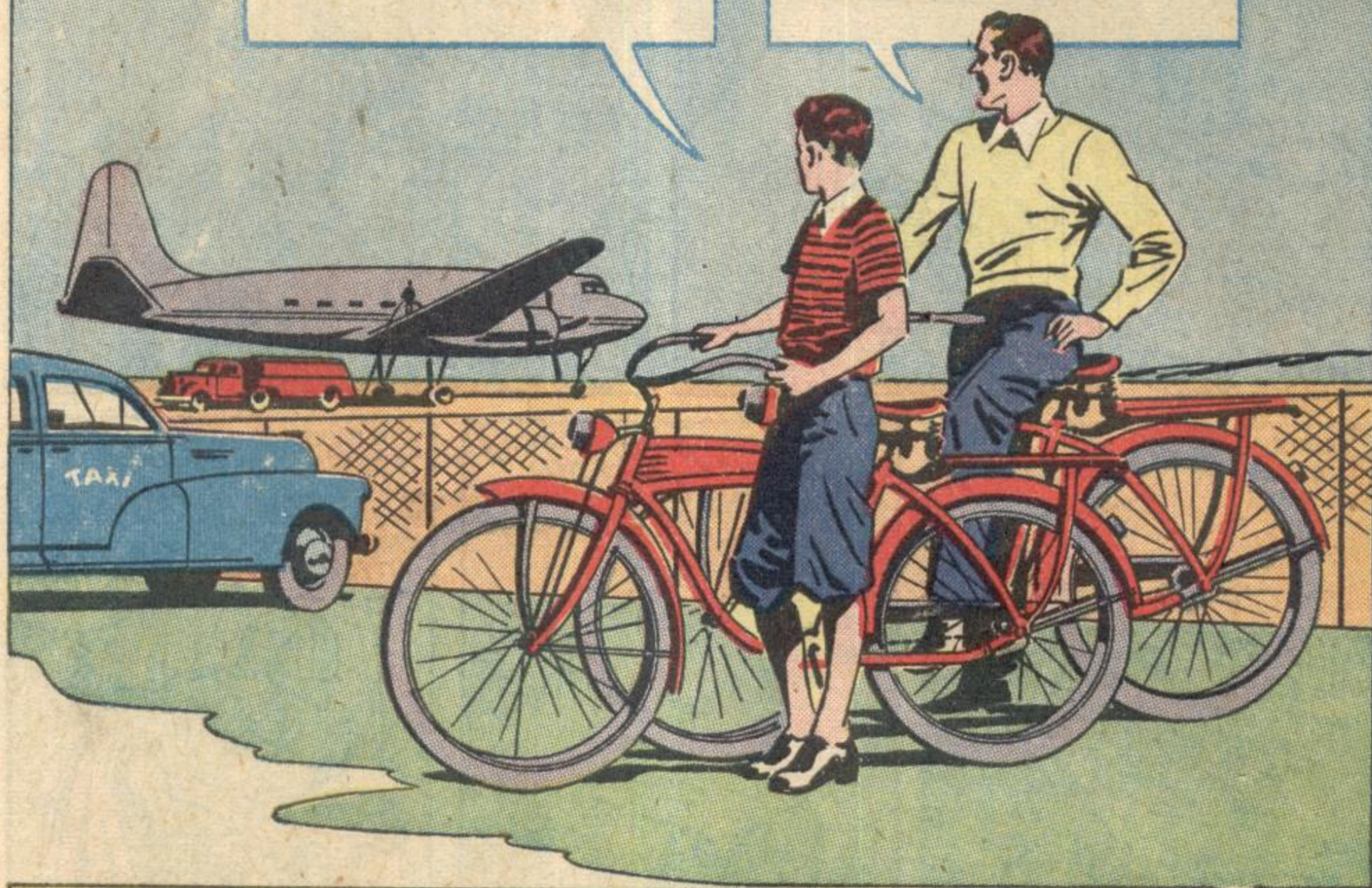






"Gosh Dad, you mean
Bendix Brakes
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds
brakes for all types of
planes, cars and trucks!"



GET THE NEW

Bendix

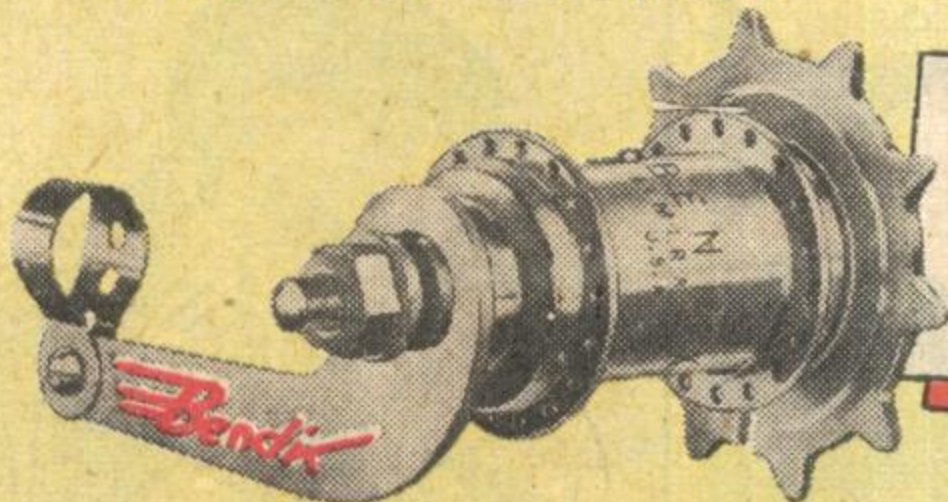
COASTER BRAKE!

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. *TRADEMARK

IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER
IT STOPS QUICKER

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

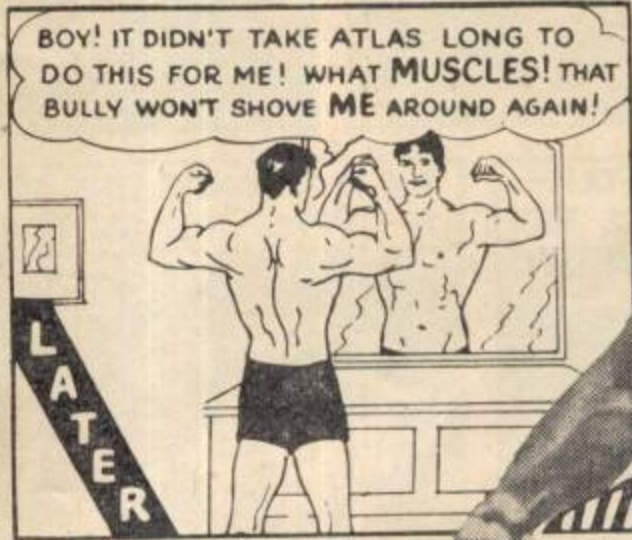
- ★ Easy to put together and take apart
- ★ Longer Life
- ★ Fewer Parts
- ★ Easier to Pedal
- ★ Stops Quicker
- ★ Coasts Longer



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of **Bendix** ELMIRA, NEW YORK
AVIATION CORPORATION

HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD
OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too,
in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**"Dynamic Tension"
Does It!**

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles
Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)
Address.....
City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING
The KIDNAPPERS"



WHEN THEY FIND
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
I'LL BE SITTING
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS
LAST SEEN ON
ROUTE 22
DRIVING TOWARD
SPARTA
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...
THEY'RE HEADING
THIS WAY!

COME ON,
FELLAS...WE'RE
HEADING FOR
THE CROSSROADS!



YOU GO GET THE POLICE.
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER!

A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



THE POLICE!
THEY'VE GOT THE
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS
SURE MADE THESE THUGS
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE:
TRAPPING A
BANDIT!



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science